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Memoir of the Rev. Thomas
Laidman Hodgson

MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. THOMAS LAIDMAN HODGSON,

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY

IN SOUTH AFRICA.

WITH COPIOUS EXTRACTS FROM HIS JOURNALS.

BY THE

REV. THORNLEY SMITH,

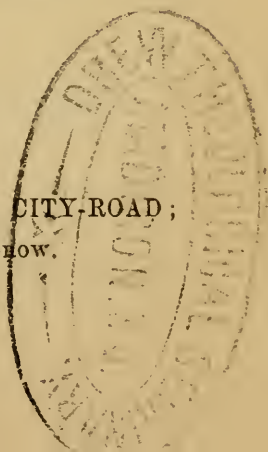
Author of "South Africa delineated."

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY J. MASON, 14, CITY-ROAD;

SOLD AT 66, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1854.



"'Tis ours to sow the precious grain,
Though falling where the parched soil
May seem to mark our labour vain,
Long ere with fruit it bless the toil.
'Tis Heaven's to send the sovereign dew,
To haste the gladsome harvest-time,
When earth shall all be crown'd anew,
Crown'd as in Eden's vernal prime."

ANON.

H. T. & J. ROCHE, PRINTERS, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

TO

THE WIDOW AND DAUGHTER

OF THE DECEASED,

This Memoir,

PREPARED AT THEIR REQUEST,

IS

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

BY

THEIR SINCERE FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A FEW months ago, a brief Memoir of Mr. Hodgson appeared in the pages of the "Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine." But it was deemed desirable that a more extended account of his labours should be written; and I have attempted, therefore, to prepare a Memoir a little more worthy of his name and memory. To the General Secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society my thanks are due, for the loan of all Mr. Hodgson's letters to the Committee from the commencement to the close of his Missionary career; and I have been greatly indebted also to the Rev. S. Broadbent, for the use of his Journals kept during the time that he was Mr. Hodgson's fellow-labourer. The Journals of Mr. Hodgson himself were furnished to me by Mrs. and Miss Hodgson;

the latter of whom, with true filial affection, took great pains to copy some portions that were scarcely legible, as well as several letters, &c., &c., relating to circumstances in her father's history. And now this volume is committed to the press, with the earnest hope that it may be rendered useful to the church of Christ, especially in awakening sympathy for Africa, and in exciting to liberality for its more rapid evangelization.

T. S.

Plymouth, December, 1853.

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MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. THOMAS L. HODGSON.

CHAPTER I.

His Early Life.

The biography of Christian Missionaries is generally replete with interest and instruction. It furnishes instances of genuine heroism; it illustrates the influence of the Gospel in awakening in the human mind the deepest practical sympathy for the outcasts of the human family; and it proves that patient toil in the work of the world's evangelization will ever meet with its reward.

Our literature is rich in records of this kind. The lives of Eliot and of Brainerd, of Schwartz and of Buchanan, of Coke and of Martyn, together with those of many female Missionaries, of whom we may mention Mrs. Judson and Mrs. Cryer, are standard works, which will probably be read by future generations with as great, or with even greater interest, than they are at present. For labourers of such zeal, disinterestedness, and courage, the church is greatly indebted to the providence of God,

and earnestly should she pray for a succession of such evangelists. It is her province to send into the field the agents placed at her disposal; but they can be raised up and qualified for their important work only by the Lord Himself.

Wesleyan Methodism has seldom wanted candidates for this department of its work. Essentially Missionary in its spirit, it has, from the first, been favoured with men who, animated with the love of Christ, have "not counted their lives dear unto themselves," but have been willing to go into any part of the world, for the purpose of proclaiming the tidings of the Cross. How numerous, already, are the records of the toils, the trials, and the successes of this section of the Christian church in the Mission-field! Nor does a year pass away without witnessing the fall of one or more of its evangelists; some in youth, some in the vigour of their days, and some—but they are few, for few survive so long—in age. Do we regret this? We regret the loss of valuable agents in this holy enterprise; and the early removal of some, especially, is most mysterious to us, and most painful. But we bow to the dispensations of an all-wise Providence, rejoicing that while some are gathered to their fathers, others are raised up to occupy their posts. The labourers die, but the work lives; and there are many at this moment, panting to go forth and to attack the strongholds of the enemy in Africa, in the East, or in the islands of the Southern Seas.

But the memory of the departed should be

dear to us, and we should study their examples with peculiar care. From the life of a devoted Missionary, every Minister, whether labouring at home or in a distant land, every office-bearer in the church, and every private member, may derive considerable good; whilst to young men, especially, on whose breasts the fire of Missionary zeal has been enkindled, and who contemplate offering themselves to the church as ambassadors to the Heathen, the records of the toils and of the triumphs of others cannot but be fraught with special interest and value.

It is, then, with a view to the benefit of the living, and not of pronouncing an eulogy on the dead, that the following Memoir is submitted to the attention of the reader. To many who will peruse these pages, Mr. Hodgson was intimately known, but to others only by the accounts they have seen of his indefatigable labours in a distant land. Who, however, that has formed even a partial acquaintance with him, will not feel a desire, now that he has gone, to know something of his history, his character, and his work? That such a desire may be gratified, the story of his life is briefly sketched.

Thomas Laidman Hodgson was born in Darlington, in the county of Durham, on the 12th of June, 1787. His parents were highly respectable persons; and his maternal grandfather, Dr. Laidman, was well known and much esteemed in Darlington, where, for some time,

he practised as a physician. At the age of ten years, Thomas was deprived of his father by death, and, two years later, of his beloved mother. Thus early was he left an orphan; but a gracious Providence took care of him, and directed all his steps. Together with two sisters and two brothers, he was committed to the charge of a distant female relative, with whom he continued to reside, in the dwelling which had been occupied by his parents.

He received his education, first, in the Grammar-School of Darlington, and subsequently in a private academy. Of his boyhood little is known; but it is said that, finding himself free from any strong restraints of government, he was for some years led away by the vanities and amusements of the world. Even then, however, he was under the influence of the restraining grace of God, and never gave himself up to the follies in which youths thus circumstanced too often indulge. In a brief record of his early days, found among his papers, he says: "I was often taken to the Wesleyan chapel, where I was brought to view sin in its proper light, and to admire the beauty of religion. Hence I grew up with a respect for pious persons, and a love for Gospel truth." His grandfather, Dr. Laidman, wished that he should be trained to the profession of medicine; but, at a suitable age, he was placed in the bank of his native town, where, by his abilities and upright conduct, he so won the esteem and confidence of the Directors, that he

afterwards became its chief manager, in which situation he continued until his entrance into the Christian ministry.

One who became acquainted with him when he was nineteen years of age observes, that he was a youth of very pleasing manners, and that his conduct was wholly unblemished. When, therefore, he began to turn his attention to religion, and to think very seriously of becoming a member of the Wesleyan Society, it was asked, by some of his friends, what he had done to render this necessary. Like many other persons, they considered morality all that was essential to the favour of God; and imagined that, because the character of Thomas was so amiable, there was no need for him to trouble himself on the subject of religion. But, happily, he himself had been made to feel that, to secure the salvation of his soul, he must be born again. During an extensive revival of religion that took place in Darlington, impressions never to be erased were made upon his mind; and no sooner was he convinced that it was his duty to unite himself to the church, than, notwithstanding the persecutions to which he became exposed, he took the step, and openly declared himself a disciple of the Lord Jesus. This decision was formed when he was twenty years of age, and was doubtless the means of preserving him from many temptations by which he might have been led astray. For, as he observes, in the record already mentioned, he was exposed, at

this time, to very great danger. He had no one of sufficient authority to control him; and having always a little cash at command, the temptation often suggested itself that he should cast off the fear of God, and launch out a little into the pleasures of the world. But for his union with the Wesleyan Society he would probably have done this; and who can tell where he would have stopped?

It was not until after he had joined the church that he felt the burden of his sins intolerable. For awhile he was drawn as by the cords of love. Subsequently, however, he became greatly troubled under a sense of his obligations to God's mercy, and of his "base ingratitude" in not discharging them. Sometimes he doubted whether his repentance was sincere; and, on one occasion, he was led to ask his brother what degree of contrition he conceived it necessary for a penitent to feel. But, soon after, he was taught, as he himself expressed it, "that the degree of repentance necessary is that which brings us to Christ, and to Him only, for salvation." One evening, on returning home from his class, in deep distress of mind, he retired to his chamber, and there wrestled with God in prayer during the greater part of the night. Nor did he plead in vain. His cry was heard. He was enabled to cast himself on the atonement of the Cross, and God revealed His Son in his heart, so that he could rejoice in a sense of the pardon of his sins. The burden of his guilt was at once

removed, and he became a new creature in Christ Jesus the Lord. This "happy change," to use his own expression, took place in the year 1809; and, in a letter to his sister-in-law, dated June 17th of that year, he thus writes: "I may safely say, that since I saw you last, I have been enabled to make much progress in the Divine life, and to overcome spiritual temptation closely urged upon me. I now feel that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. I anticipate that you will say, surely my doubts respecting justification are now removed. I am happy to say that they are; for I feel the love of God shed abroad in my heart, and have no doubt that He is now reconciled unto me through the death of His Son."

In expressing himself thus, was Mr. Hodgson a fanatic? or are the views of Christian doctrine which these sentiments embody contrary to the word of God? So, doubtless, will the advocate of baptismal regeneration, and of the efficacy of the sacraments, affirm. But this experience—and it is the experience, substantially, of thousands in the Wesleyan and in many other churches—is strictly in accordance with the views entertained of spiritual religion by the most eminent Divines of the Church of England, by the Protestant Reformers, and by the early Fathers of the Church. Justification by faith, the witness of the Spirit, and the regeneration of the heart by the power of the Holy Ghost, are doctrines which may be

traced in the writings of the best Church teachers, up to the age of the Apostles; whilst in the pages of the New Testament itself they shine so clearly, that it is almost unaccountable how any one can fail to see them. Let Christian churches who have received these doctrines, take heed that they hold fast the treasure. They are the basis of experimental and of practical religion. No superstructure of good works, however attractive to the eye of man, can stand, that is not reared on this foundation. The piety that has not its origin here is but formalism, or mysticism, which may, indeed, pass current with the world, but is defective in what constitutes the very essence of Christianity.

The piety of Mr. Hodgson, thus originated, became deep, vigorous, and most decided. He was no waverer. Having made choice of the paths of wisdom, he never felt disposed to leave them; for he found them to be paths of pleasantness and peace. But he suffered greatly from severe temptation. It was once suggested to his mind, that he should renounce his religion by a desperate act of swearing to God that he would never offer to Him another prayer; and, when attempting to worship Him as usual, he felt, in two or three instances, mysteriously restrained from uttering his petitions, and spent the wonted time upon his knees in silence. How often are those whom Providence designs for special spheres of usefulness subject, in the early part of their religious history, to extra-

ordinary mental suffering! In this respect, as in many others, the Christian is made like unto his Lord, who, prior to His entering on His public ministry, "was led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." Is the reader a young man, just entering on the Christian life? and is he sorely harassed by the powers of darkness? Let him know that such has been the painful discipline to which some of the most eminent of God's servants have been subject; and let him be assured that the adversary is thus *permitted* to assail him, for some wise purpose, to be hereafter understood. Those only who have had experience of Satan's devices are prepared to warn others of their danger. Luther's mental exercises were doubtless one of the principal means by which he was prepared to enter on his bright career.

Genuine religion excites to activity. No man who is animated with the love of Christ can look upon a world lying in the wicked one, and be content to be idle. He must do something to effect its rescue. He may be deeply and painfully conscious of his feebleness; but feeble as he feels himself to be, he cannot rest while souls are perishing whom Christ died to save. Mr. Hodgson could not. He felt it his duty to employ the talent committed to his trust for the benefit of his fellow men; and, accordingly, soon after his conversion, he began to labour in the Sunday-school, to take part in meetings for prayer and inter-

cession, and to visit the beds of the sick and dying. Many a Sabbath did he spend in the important task of giving religious instruction to the young; and many an hour did he devote to the still more solemn one of reading to, and of praying with, those who were on the confines of the eternal world. These unobtrusive labours would attract but little attention from men; but they were doubtless registered in the book of God, and, in His estimation, were of far more value than many deeds that are emblazoned on the page of history.

About the year 1811, considerable efforts were made to extend the operations of Methodism in the villages around Darlington. To carry the Gospel into the smallest hamlets of our country has been one part of the mission of the Wesleyan church; and the fact that there are very few villages of any importance through the length and breadth of the land that have not their Methodist chapel, or, at least, a room or a cottage where the Methodists worship, is proof sufficient that it has not been faithless to its trust. The project met with the approval of many of the inhabitants of those villages, and several additional places were opened for the ministry of the word of God. Additional labourers were, consequently, required; and Mr. Hodgson was urged, by both Ministers and people, to enter upon a more public sphere of usefulness. He could not refuse; for he heard also an inward voice, the voice of the Holy Spirit, calling him to the

work, and he began, therefore, to preach and to point sinners to the Cross. His preaching was both acceptable and useful: it was characterized by considerable energy and zeal, whilst at the same time it was clear, scriptural, and forcible. He had not neglected the improvement of his mind or the careful reading of the holy Scriptures; whilst, as is often the case, his labours in the Sabbath-school had also tended to prepare him for the work he now commenced. He entered on it, however, with much fear and trembling, but in humble dependence on the help promised from on high.

About this time, also, a new chapel was erected in the Circuit-town (Darlington), in reference to which Mr. Hodgson took a deep and lively interest. The proposal had been entertained for a considerable length of time; but the difficulties which presented themselves were, for awhile, insurmountable. By patient perseverance, however, they were ultimately removed; Mr. Hodgson, together with other young men, several of whom had but recently been added to the church, rendering essential service to the cause. In the year 1813, the chapel, being finished, was set apart for the worship of God by the Rev. Samuel Bardsley and the Rev. Jabez Bunting.

Methodism in Darlington has ever since this period occupied a very respectable position. It has been subject, as in many other places, to trials and vicissitudes; but it has vigorously held on its way, and been to many the

instrument of incalculable good. That it nurtured in its bosom Thomas Laidman Hodgson, is not one of its least honours; for the church that gives a Missionary to the world, and especially such a Missionary as he became, renders to it a service, the full value of which can never be estimated until time shall pass away.

In this, the first chapter of Mr. Hodgson's life, we find the secret of his future usefulness. He gave his heart to God in youth, and by this one act was the whole of his career determined. What a contrast do his early days present, to those of many youths, who, though possessed of greater talent, and moving, perhaps, in far more influential spheres, enjoy no real happiness, and do no real good! One of England's poets, when in the very bloom of life, thus wrote;—

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers, the fruit of love, are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone.

"The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is lighted at its blaze,
A funeral pile!"

How sad! how affecting! Could he have written thus had he been in possession of the consolations of the Gospel? A young man may have fortune, rank, genius; everything, in short, of which the world can boast; but if he has not the fear and

love of God, he is a stranger to all true enjoyment, and will be of little service to mankind. Are these sentiments trite and common-place? I am ready to admit it; but they are not the less important, nor the less necessary to be impressed upon the youthful mind. They were recognised by Mr. Hodgson; and he acted on them, and chose for his portion the "one thing needful."

CHAPTER II.

His Entrance on the Ministry.

The sovereignty of God is seldom more conspicuous than in the selection from among men of the instruments of His will. He chose Samuel, a mere child, to rebuke the folly of the High-Priest Eli; David, a shepherd, to be ruler of His people; and Saul of Tarsus, a fiery persecutor, to be the Apostle of the Gentiles. In later times, also, have persons whom the world, and even the church, would not have thought of, been made choice of for the accomplishment of the most important purposes. Who would have supposed that a tinker's son of Elstow, by name John Bunyan, would have been chosen to write the "Pilgrim's Progress?" or who would have imagined that Carey, a shoemaker, would have become the founder of the Baptist Missions in India? Truly may it be said that God's "ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts." He sends by whom He will send, nor is it for man to call in question the fitness and propriety of His choice.

The leading traits in Mr. Hodgson's character, after his conversion, were courage, firmness, and decision, combined with a generous heart, and the most fervent zeal for Christ; qualities which

were absolutely requisite in the individual who should engage in the work to which he was subsequently called. The Great Head of the church, who knows what each of His servants is fit for, and who assigns to each his post of duty, knew what Mr. Hodgson was capable of doing; and, passing by others, whom man would probably have thought more suitable, chose him to bear His name among the Gentiles, in a land at this time enveloped in the densest moral gloom. The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; and he who has courage to go forth with a sling and a stone to encounter the Philistine before whom others tremble, is the man best qualified for the enterprise, and most likely to succeed.

From the time of his beginning to preach, Mr. Hodgson felt that his call was to be separated to the work of the ministry. But he was afraid of intruding on the sacred office, and, as no one spoke to him on the subject, he often doubted whether he ought to dedicate himself to the work or not. That he gave up the idea at one time is probable from the fact that in the year 1813 he married; a step which he would not have taken just then had he been quite decided as to his future course. The object of his choice was Miss Ann Forster, of Darlington, a lady of considerable intelligence, and of deep and fervent piety. When she united herself to Mr. Hodgson, she little thought of being called into such a sphere of usefulness as she subsequently occupied: but she proved

herself admirably fitted for the post, both in the work at home, and in the more arduous toils of the Mission-field abroad.

His marriage, however, did not prevent his being called out into the ministry. The high esteem in which he was held, and the promise which he gave of being eminently useful, induced the Rev. Thomas Vasey, the Superintendent of the Darlington Circuit, to request him to leave his situation, and to take an appointment at the ensuing Conference. His worldly prospects, at this time, were somewhat flattering, and the claims of two younger sisters on his care and attention were rather urgent; but he resolved to follow the leading of Divine Providence, and, whatever it might cost him, to leave himself in the hands of God. "The way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." Our lot in life, our sphere of usefulness in the church, is chosen for us by Him who worketh all things according to the counsel of His own will. Happy, then, is the man who is willing to follow the cloud that goes before him, and to take just that place which is assigned to him by Providence. He might perhaps find an easier, and, as far as this world is concerned, a more lucrative position; but a safer and a better one, viewed, as our earthly course should ever be, in reference to eternity, he cannot find. Man's highest happiness is dependent on his submission to the will of God.

At the Conference of 1815, Mr. Hodgson was

proposed as a candidate for the Wesleyan ministry, and accepted. Greatly to his honour, his own Circuit asked to be favoured with his labours; but he was sent to Stockton, where he met with a very cordial reception, and where he soon found himself at home. Here he laboured two years; and subsequently he travelled in the Brigg, Lancaster, and Retford Circuits, in all which he was both useful and beloved. In reference to Lancaster, he observes in his Journal, under date July 27th, 1819: "In surveying the last Methodistic year, I see much cause for gratitude to Almighty God. My appointment to Lancaster, which was unsought both by the people and myself, has been, I trust, a blessing both to me and to the Circuit. I leave this affectionate people with regret, having to tear myself from them, impelled by strong domestic reasons to solicit an appointment in the neighbourhood of Horton. I leave the Circuit with an increase of one hundred and sixty-two members, and the Societies in general more alive to God."

When he went to Retford, "he was" (says his friend, Mr. J. Otter) "in the vigour of his days, and his piety was equally fresh and glowing." His character was marked by deep humility, great kindness, and a calmly fervent zeal. In his efforts to do good, he was incessant and untiring. His addresses, which were plain, fervent, and heart-searching, were usually accompanied with power from on high;

so that his ministry drew large congregations, and was eminently successful. During the two years that he remained in Retford, there were added to the Society as the result of the united labours of himself and his colleague, three hundred members. Yet he did not glory in success, but only in the Cross. Grace kept him in the lowly vale. He cast his trophies at the feet of Christ, and gave the praise to Him.

His Journal testifies the truth of these remarks. October 9th, 1819, he observes: "Returning from the outer part of the Circuit, I felt my mind much revived both as to my personal experience, and the cause of God, having witnessed at least thirty persons earnestly crying for mercy. At Rampton the power of God was peculiarly present. I was in the spirit of my work, and all the people seemed to be impressed while I spoke from 1 Peter iv. 18." Yet a few days afterwards, October 12th, he writes: "I have felt my mind this day much harassed, and have been strongly tempted to despondency from having been deprived of my usual liberty in preaching both on Sunday and last night. But I acquiesce in the will of God, since it is necessary that I should be humbled in the place where I am the most blessed. The success of last week was calculated to raise my mind above its proper standard; and Satan fails not, on such occasions, to suggest, 'Thou art something.' But I am thankful for even pulpit-trials; and now

feel myself in the dust before God, and less than the least of all His servants."

Such, doubtless, are often the feelings of the faithful Christian Minister. Now he is encouraged, anon depressed; now upon the mount, anon within the vale. But it is not every Minister who is thankful "for even pulpit-trials;" for, of all things, they are the most humbling to the pride of man. For this very reason, however, they are necessary; for if there is a place in the world where God alone should be exalted, it is the place which is occupied by the ambassador of the Cross, when he is holding forth the word of everlasting life.

But though Mr. Hodgson was thus successful in the work at home, another, and a more arduous sphere of labour was before him. His convictions of duty relative to preaching the Gospel of Christ were accompanied by a strong desire to offer the blessings of that Gospel to the Heathen. The condition of a perishing world had been brought before his attention; and he panted to go forth, and to lift up the standard of the Cross in lands where the Redeemer was not known. That his motives were of the purest kind, there is not the slightest doubt. It is possible for a Minister to be prompted by ambition, by a love of novelty, or by a spirit of romance, to go into the Mission-field. Unacquainted with the difficulties of the enterprise, he may fancy it a most pleasant and delightful task, and, inasmuch as it will afford to him opportunities of seeing

more of the world and of mankind, he may prefer it to the labours of a Pastor and Minister at home. Actuated by such views, however, he is altogether unfit to be employed in it; and the probability is, that if he enters it, he will soon repent, and will be glad of an excuse to return as soon as possible. Motives of the highest and of the purest nature should actuate the candidate for Missionary service; motives of the highest and of the purest nature will alone sustain him in his arduous toil.

Mr. Hodgson had entertained the idea of a Missionary life for some time; but many of his friends were opposed to his views, and thought that he ought to remain at home. But so strong had his convictions of duty on the subject become, that nothing short of some interference of Divine Providence in hedging up his way could induce him to remain any longer in the home work. No such interference occurred; and hence his resolution, notwithstanding the advice of friends to the contrary, was formed to go far hence among the Gentiles. He was then in the height of his popularity and usefulness; and it might naturally be thought that the success which attended his ministry at home was an indication of Providence that he was in his proper sphere. But it by no means follows that because the labours of a Christian Minister are eminently owned of God in his native land, he has no call to exercise his ministry elsewhere. The man who is useful in the work at home, is likely to be

useful in the work abroad. It is true that different qualifications are required for different departments of the vineyard to be cultivated; and it may be that a Minister who is well adapted for usefulness among a home population is not so well adapted for it among a heathen people. But in deciding whether he shall labour among the one or among the other, he must not come to the conclusion that, because he is successful at home, he ought to remain there; for how can he tell but that abroad his success will be far more ample? Mr. Hodgson weighed, and weighed with considerable care, all such arguments; and, having done so, he resolved to tender his services to the Wesleyan Missionary Committee.

The Rev. W. Swan, in his admirable letters on Missions, observes: "Our duty to God and to man is involved in the question of disseminating the Gospel; but we cannot discharge that duty unless the love of God and man warm our bosoms, and put spirit and life into our obedience. 'The love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if One died for all, then were all dead: and that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him that died for them, and rose again.' Unless thus influenced, thus 'constrained,' and carried beyond the base and selfish considerations of the hireling, the vain pretences of the hypocrite, and the dreams of the enthusiast, there can be no faithful and persevering devotement of a

man's *all* to the Missionary work. When God says, 'Whom shall I send?' and when, in the spirit of lowly and trembling, but willing, consecration, a man can say, 'Here am I, send me;' then, and then only, does he 'present himself a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is his reasonable service.'" It was in such a spirit that Mr. Hodgson laid himself on the Missionary altar; constrained, not by sinister or selfish views, but by a noble and disinterested desire to save the souls of those who were perishing for lack of knowledge. His offer to the Missionary Committee was accepted, and he was appointed to labour in South Africa. At that time South Africa, as a field of Missionary toil, was but very little known. The Rev. Barnabas Shaw had entered on his career in that country a few years before, and the Rev. William Shaw had just gone forth on his errand of mercy to the land; but comparatively little was known, either of the difficulties connected with such a Mission, or of the results which would be likely to attend it. It was not altogether an untried field, it is true; for the Moravian Missionaries and the Missionaries of the London Society had laboured in it, and not without success: but, in comparison with what is now known of it, its interior, at least, was a *terra incognita;* and Mr. Hodgson, therefore, could form but a very inadequate conception of the territory he was about to cultivate. He went by faith, "not knowing whither he went;" but assured that

however wild the country, and however barbarous its inhabitants, he would find the presence of his Master there, as well as in the sanctuaries of his native land.

Preparations for his departure were now made. On the 8th of February, 1821, he left Retford for Darlington, to pay a farewell visit to his friends. On the 23d he took his leave of them, and in his Journal he observes: "I am thankful that the Lord has so graciously disposed the minds of so many of my friends to approve of my becoming a Missionary, and softened down the objections of those who cannot attach sufficient importance to the reasons by which I am governed; so that I have met with nothing but kindness. The parting-scene was distressing, and I shall never forget the pain I felt at leaving dear Bell, to whom I had long stood in the endeared relation of a brother, and felt all the anxiety of a parent for her temporal comfort and eternal welfare. But the grace of God was abundantly sufficient for me; and I not only felt the approbation of my own judgment, but also that of Heaven." Such passages as the above let us into the secret emotions of the heart, and teach us that religion, far from rendering its possessors stoical to natural affection, makes them more susceptible of feeling. Who loves so ardently as the Christian? or who feels so tenderly as he the pang of separation from his friends? Yet in the midst of sorrow he has hope and joy; for to him the prospect opens of a reunion with

his companions, from whom he separated here, in a brighter world above.

On the 5th of March, Mr. Hodgson preached his last sermon in the town of Retford. It was both to him and his congregation a memorable day. He knew not that he should ever return to the Circuit; and many who heard him then were quite sure that, in the very nature of things, they would never hear him any more. Under these circumstances, that "farewell sermon" was not an ordinary one, nor, it is hoped, was the effect of it merely transient. On the following day Mr. Hodgson and his family left Retford for London, and were received at the Mission-house with great affection.

March 14th, Mr. Hodgson thus writes: "This morning I took leave of the Missionary Committee, and with Messrs. Leigh, Horton, and Walker for New South Wales, and Mr. Croscombe for Gibraltar, was addressed by Messrs. Clarke, Atmore, and Marsden. I felt it a solemn time, especially while Mr. Marsden was engaged in prayer. In the evening I was set apart for the Missionary department of our work. Mr. Watson gave the address, Mr. Morley read the form of ordination, and put the close and important questions, which I answered as in the presence of Almighty God. My mind was much impressed with the increased responsibility under which I am laid to God and His church. May I ever be faithful to the grace given, and improve every opportunity of doing good."

Of the venerable fathers here mentioned, one only—the Rev. George Marsden—survives. Dr. Clarke, Mr. Atmore, Mr. Morley, and Mr. Watson, have all passed away from the church militant on earth, and joined the church triumphant in heaven. To the cause of Missions they were all devotedly attached; and it is well known that Mr. Watson, especially, took a very lively interest in the Mission in South Africa. Some years after this he even indulged the idea of visiting Cape-Town, and would probably have done so, had it been deemed expedient and proper. "Had the Committee called," he says, in his letter to the Rev. B. Shaw on the subject, "I would have obeyed."

"Our fathers, where are they? and the Prophets, do they live for ever?" Ah! no. Nearly all the founders of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, together with many of its earliest Missionaries, have gone to their reward. May their spirit rest on their successors! May the same disinterestedness and zeal characterize those who have entered on their labours! That Methodism is still favoured, both at home and abroad, with agents worthy of their noble predecessors, is evident from the aspect which its Missions now present. The lapse of thirty years has tended to consolidate, strengthen, and enlarge them: and whereas in 1821 the income of the Missionary Society was less than £50,000, and its members less than 30,000; in 1853 its income is upwards of £100,000, and the number of its members 108,286.

Mr. Hodgson and his family embarked for their destination in "The Duke of Marlborough," March 17th; but their voyage can scarcely be said to have commenced until the 5th of April, as they were detained by contrary winds, first in the Downs, and afterwards in Plymouth-Sound. The detention was trying to their patience; and, having no Christian friends on board the ship, they began to feel the loss of the fellowship of saints, so pleasant and so profitable to the believer's soul. At Plymouth, Mr. Hodgson went on shore, and once again, prior to his leaving England, enjoyed the society of a few spirits kindred to his own. Plymouth has often had the honour of "a last visit" from the Christian Missionary, and from its beautiful bay has many a one taken his farewell view of the shores of his native land.

CHAPTER III.

Far Inland among the Gentiles.

On the 5th of April a steady breeze from the north set in, and presently the "Duke of Marlborough" was under weigh, and was sailing down the Channel at the rate of nine knots an hour. And now the Missionary was fairly on his way to his new sphere of labour, —how fared it with him? and what were his views and feelings while on the mighty main? Were I writing a history of the Mission merely, I should be disposed to pass over the incidents of the voyage; but as it is a personal memoir that I am endeavouring to prepare, a few extracts from his Journal kept at sea will not be out of place.

"April 8th.—Quite free from sea-sickness. Was enabled to read prayers and preach on deck from the first five verses of the first Psalm. Gave away some Tracts, lent two books to read in the steerage and forecastle, and spent some portion of the day in attending to Dr. Clarke's Commentary and Dwight's 'System of Theology.'"

"April 11th.—The day, I trust, has been spent to a little profit. How amazingly the power of Omnipotence appears in the mighty ocean on which we sail, in restraining the

element within its prescribed bounds! How great the loving-kindness of the Lord in preserving us in this comparatively little floating prison from apparent danger and death! How striking the idea of some philosophers, that if the bed of the sea were empty, all the rivers of the world flowing into it with a continuance of their present supplies, it would occupy eight hundred years to fill it to its present height!"

"April 14th.—Awoke last night under the apprehension, from the rolling of the vessel, that the ship was in danger. But a few moments' reflection caused me to resume my wonted confidence in God, and proved my fears groundless. Numbers become so accustomed to dangers by habit as to regard them but little; but how much is to be preferred the peace which proceeds from confidence in the Divine protection! Enjoyed upon deck one of the finest mornings I ever beheld; the ship moving in full sail with a fine breeze, and the sun beaming forth with astonishing splendour,—a bright emblem of its Creator, to whom my mind was raised while walking the deck before breakfast."

"The undevout astronomer is mad," says Young; and scarcely less so is the undevout observer of those majestic scenes which are often witnessed on the mighty sea. The above and similar passages in his Journal show that Mr. Hodgson's mind was excited by these scenes to devotion of the purest kind. But his was not that religion, merely, which nature's

wonders enkindle in the breast: he had an eye to admire the rising of the sun; but he had a heart to adore the Sun of righteousness.

"April 22d.—This morning ushers in the remembrance of one of the most important of all events to man, the resurrection of Christ, as the first-fruits of them that sleep. I addressed our company on deck under the awning, on the subject of the resurrection; but, alas! we have no communion of saints in this spiritually barren wilderness. O, how I envy my Christian friends in England the spiritual privileges they are now enjoying with the different assemblies of God's people in the places where His name is recorded! However, the providence of God is conveying me to a useful and honourable sphere of action; and I cheerfully renounce the enjoyment of Christian society, and long to be the honoured instrument of hastening Christ's kingdom on the earth. I feel satisfaction in doing that in act which I have done before in heart."

There is a beautiful simplicity in these expressions, denoting the increase of that invaluable grace of the Holy Spirit, acquiescence in the will of God. Often in heart had Mr. Hodgson given himself up to the work of a Missionary: now he was doing it in act, and he possessed, in consequence, a calm and settled peace.

"May 12th.—We passed the equator early this morning, in long. 25° west of London; and, having met with the south-east trade-wind, there is now the prospect of reaching

Cape-Town in about five weeks. Witnessed the ceremony observed by the sailors on passing the line, which, through the influence of Captain Hollett, was conducted with less folly than is usual on such occasions. The ladies were treated with the utmost civility; and I had merely to accompany Neptune and his party to his barber, where I had a glass of sea-water poured upon my right hand, as an initiation into the liberty of the seas. But some of the sailors and of the steerage passengers had their faces covered with tar and dirt, which was scraped off with a huge razor, after which they were washed with buckets full of sea-water. As the men were not allowed to get intoxicated, the day passed off with singing songs, &c.; and nothing particularly indecent was permitted. But, after all, how low is human nature sunk! and to what absurd resources men fly for happiness! It was truly a ludicrous sight to see Neptune and his wife seated on his car, accompanied by his barber, secretary, and constables, disfigured in the most frightful manner; and that part of the ceremony which I witnessed impressed me with the thoughtlessness and folly apparent in the character of seafaring men in general."

It is gratifying to know that this absurd custom is falling into desuetude; and that in ships of the most respectable class it is observed, if at all, with much less annoyance to passengers than formerly. The most that can be said for it is, that it relieves the *ennui*

induced by a long voyage; but surely something more rational might be contrived, which would answer such a purpose quite as well.

Mr. Hodgson's mind was often deeply pained with the wickedness of many of the crew; and he frequently entered into conversation with them, and reproved them for sins. Whenever it was practicable, he conducted Divine service on the Lord's day, and bore his testimony, to all who heard him, in favour of religion, and its paramount claims on the attention of mankind. That some of the precious seed thus scattered would afterwards bear fruit, there is surely every reason to hope; but the results of these efforts on the part of the Missionary will be known only at the final day.

The voyage was a long and tedious one. Thirteen weeks transpired from the ship's leaving Gravesend ere the promontory of South Africa appeared in view. At length, however, "the stormy Cape" was reached; and, after the usual tossing experienced in its vicinity, the "Duke of Marlborough" dropped her anchor in Table-Bay, on the 18th of June, to the no small joy of all on board. On the following morning, Messrs. Shaw and Broadbent were soon on board, to give a cordial welcome to Mr. Hodgson; and, in a short time, he accompanied them on shore, and exchanged the cabin of his ship for the comfortable accommodations of the Mission-house.

A few days more, and Mr. Hodgson entered on his work. To make himself acquainted

with the Dutch language, he both taught, and received instruction, in the native school. "June 25th.—This evening was occupied in teaching, in Dutch, about twenty adults, chiefly slaves. Five or six were instructed privately, by Mr. Shaw, on religious subjects; after which, Mr. Broadbent gave a short exhortation to the whole. June 26th.—This evening sixteen children, principally slaves, were taught to read. I joined the children in their instruction, and was taught my alphabet and monosyllables by a child about the age of seven years."

Here is a scene: the Missionary learning the Dutch alphabet from a little slave-child! The sounds of many of the letters in the Dutch language differ from those in the English; and probably that little slave-child could pronounce them more correctly than any one else whom Mr. Hodgson could then obtain to teach him. He did not, therefore, hesitate to become a child himself, and to sit and listen to that infant-tongue.

On the 10th of July, Mr. Hodgson had an interview with Major-General Donkin, the acting Governor of the Cape, to whom he presented a letter from the Missionary Committee, and by whom he was received with considerable politeness. The Governor manifested the utmost readiness to comply with any reasonable wish expressed by the Committee, and spoke pointedly of the satisfaction he had felt with the Missionaries already sent into the colony.

That excellent functionary proved himself a sincere friend to Missionary operations; and when, on another occasion, he was visited by Messrs. Shaw and Archbell, he said, "Gentlemen, your work is far more important than that of any Colonial Governor; and though my predecessor, in some measure, opposed Missionaries going to those distant tribes, yet I will not. If you wish to go, do so; and I wish you every possible success." The beneficial effects of religious instruction had already begun to appear in the conduct of some of the children whom the Missionaries had taken under their charge.

"July 14th.—I was much pleased," says Mr. Hodgson, "with a little slave-girl, about nine years of age, one of the children taught at the Mission-house, and who attends all our means of grace with manifest delight. A fellow-slave is at present ill; and the little girl went, a few evenings ago, to request Mr. Shaw to visit her, and appeared anxiously desirous that 'Meester' would pray with the sick slave; from whom Mr. Shaw learnt that the child had several times attempted to pray with her herself, and always went and talked to her on returning from the school, or evening service at the Mission-house." This incident is truly beautiful, and furnishes another proof of the fact, now happily more generally acknowledged than it was then, that under a black skin there may be a tender, affectionate, and loving heart. Think, dear reader, of the

little slave-girl at Cape-Town praying with her fellow-slave, and say whether the African is an alien from the human race.

At the time of which I write, slavery existed in South Africa, as well as in other possessions of the British crown, in some of its very worst forms. Most of the respectable European inhabitants of Cape-Town had slaves resident in their houses, and waiting at their tables; and, whilst nothing was done to instruct the poor creatures, they naturally became exceedingly degraded.

"July 15th.—My pity was much excited from seeing what is called the slave-dance, which is a weekly profanation of the Sabbath, under the sanction of the British Colonial Government. The slaves were chiefly from the Mozambique Channel; and, doubtless, from the awful state of ignorance they are in, less guilty in the sight of God than many who profess and call themselves Christians. It is surprising to see the enthusiastic ardour with which they keep up their amusement. Some had their heads ornamented with feathers and pieces of the skins of wild beasts; and their legs were bound round with a kind of beads, formed of the leaf of the bamboo, in which were enclosed small stones, to make a rattling noise. Their appearance was terrific; and their dance was accompanied, at least occasionally, by the inharmonious clang of the tom-tom, the clapping of hands, and the shouting of both slave-spectators and the slaves themselves."

This was at Cape-Town, the capital of the Cape colony. But, happily, we may add, that such things are numbered only with the past. Slavery exists no more under the shadow of the British flag; and the state of society at Cape-Town is now considerably improved. The Sabbath is as sacredly observed in that city—for to this designation it has risen—as in any town or city in our native land.

Mr. Hodgson was anxious to be employed in the Namacqualand Mission; but to that Mission Messrs. Archbell and Edwards were appointed, and Mr. Hodgson remained for awhile in Cape-Town, assisting Mr. Shaw in devising and carrying out plans for promoting the spiritual welfare both of the English and of the coloured population. For the benefit of the latter a school-room was erected, and for the use of the former a substantial chapel. This chapel was opened by the Rev. Dr. Philips, of the London Missionary Society, and the Rev. Mr. Beck, one of the Dutch Ministers of the town; the collections at the opening services amounting to upwards of £33.

But Mr. Hodgson was not satisfied to remain in Cape-Town. He heard of tribes in the interior of the country who were perishing for lack of knowledge, barbarous and degraded to an extreme degree; and he longed to go and plant the standard of the Cross where others had not laboured, to break up the fallow-ground of Heathenism, and to scatter in the imperishable seed of truth. A Mission to the

Bechuanas had already been projected, and two Missionaries had left Cape-Town with a view to its commencement; but the health of one of them suddenly gave way, and the zeal or the courage of the other failed him; and hence Mr. Hodgson, who felt a deep interest in it, feared that it would not then be entered on. He therefore offered to go into the Bechuana Country himself, and, at a meeting of the brethren, was appointed to the charge of that Mission: the Rev. S. Broadbent being requested to accompany him, if the state of his health would permit.

Considerable difficulties, however, presented themselves, and a delay of several months occurred ere the enterprise could be undertaken. In July, 1822, we find Mr. Hodgson still at Cape-Town; and on the 23d there is the following entry in his Journal:—

"Walked out with Rev. B. Shaw, before breakfast, to see the six ships which were driven on shore by the violent storm that has agitated the Bay for several days. The 'Olive Branch' is a wreck; and the 'Leander' past recovery, having been driven upon the rocks. The Captain of the 'Sun' volunteered his services courageously to fetch the men from the latter brig, and succeeded in reaching it, and brought the first boat-load safely to shore. But the second time the boat was, unhappily, upset by the surf, and Captain Middleton drowned; while Captain Murray, of the 'Sun,' narrowly escaped with his life. It was truly

distressing to see some of the men driven on shore by the force of the waves, and those who clung to the boat struggling for deliverance. How uncertain is life! The unfortunate Captain escaped from the wreck, but perished in a few feet of water, and within a hundred yards of land."

In the month of September, 1822, Mr. Hodgson and his family embarked in the "Mary" for Algoa-Bay, whence they intended to proceed to the country of the Bechuanas. They reached their destination on the 1st of October, and, having obtained a waggon, &c., set off on their journey into the far interior. At Salem, in the Albany District, they were welcomed by the Rev. W. Shaw, and the Rev. W. Threlfall; and thence they proceeded to Graham's-Town, which at that time contained about three hundred houses, and a population of perhaps one thousand souls.

Travelling in Africa, as the reader is probably aware, is performed chiefly in a waggon drawn by oxen. The roads are generally wretched, and the rate of progress is necessarily slow. Days, and even weeks, are often spent in getting over a very small tract of country; and if the weather be wet, the probability is that you will be unable to proceed at all. To Mr. Hodgson and his devoted wife this mode of travelling was not a little trying; but they bore their cross with all cheerfulness and courage. At Graaf-Reinet they found the Rev. S. and Mrs. Broadbent, who were to be

their companions in the enterprise before them; and thence the whole party journeyed on together to the country into which they wished to introduce the Gospel.

But provisions for the way were necessary; and of Mr. Van Huren, a Dutch farmer, they purchased thirty goats, forty sheep, and two cows; and their retinue consisted, in addition, of three waggons, three waggon-drivers, and two leaders, one ox-watcher, and two women, the wives of two of their men.

The incidents of each day were carefully noted by Mr. Hodgson in his Journal; but I must quote a few passages only, illustrative of the country through which he passed, and of the native tribes with whom he came in contact.

"Sunday, November 17th.—Left our resting-place a little after sunrise, with the view of reaching a Missionary Institution for the Bushmen, under the management of Jan Goeman, a native Teacher from Bethelsdorp. Our journey proved much longer than we expected, and we were only able to reach it in time for the evening service, with which I was much pleased. It was conducted through an interpreter; the person addressing them speaking in Dutch, and the interpreter in the Bushman language. At present, there are about twenty Bushmen resident on the spot, but the usual number is about sixty, the rest having gone to a distance in search of what they term rice,—the eggs of ants, which they prepare for food.

The native Teacher is considered a good man, and his manners are very prepossessing. He lives in a reed-house, but is building one of bricks."

The Bushmen of South Africa must undoubtedly be placed, both physically and intellectually, in the very lowest scale of human society. Their dialect, which to the ear of a stranger is altogether unintelligible, and consists of a number of disagreeable sounds formed by clapping the tongue upon the roof of the mouth, allies them to the Hottentot tribes, whose language was originally the same. But their physical organization is much inferior to that of, at least, many of the Hottentots; and though they certainly possess minds capable of cultivation,—a fact which certain philosophers, so called, have denied,—yet their mental powers are extremely limited, so much so as to preclude the hope that they will ever rise high in the scale of civilisation. Yet the Bushman can be both kind and hospitable. He will share with his friends the smallest portion of food that he obtains; and "a hungry mother," says Mr. Moffat, "will not unfrequently give what she may receive to her emaciated children, without tasting it herself." Nor is it true that the Bushman is incapable of understanding the message of redemption. The self-denying labours of the Christian Missionary among this degraded people have been attended, in very many instances, with the most gratifying results. The poor Bushman

has listened to the truth, comprehended the tidings of a Saviour's love, and been made a partaker of the consolations of the Gospel. It might have been affirmed, some years ago, that he could never be converted; for the experiment had not then been made; but now that he has been brought under religious culture, and that it is found that, wild as he is, it is possible to improve him, and to train him to habits of industry and devotion, scepticism must be silent, and, however reluctantly, admit that he is a member of the family of man.

Nevertheless, how wretched is his history! and what a mystery in Divine Providence is the state in which we find him!

Leaving Philipolis, (the name of the Bushman village,) Mr. Hodgson and his companions journeyed on, frequently falling in with parties of Bushmen, who assailed them most earnestly for pieces of tobacco, a luxury of which they are passionately fond. By December 4th they reached the banks of the Gariep, or Great Orange River, which takes its rise in the Quathlamba range of mountains, and after pursuing a westerly course of several hundred miles, during which it is joined by numerous tributaries, falls into the Atlantic, in south lat. 29° 4′, east long. 16° 2′.

The river was full, and there was no bridge, so that floats, consisting of the trunks of trees, had to be constructed, on which the whole party, together with the waggons, were carried

over. The natives proved themselves remarkably expert in this kind of business; and the landing on the opposite side was effected without any misfortune or disaster.

At a Mission-station called Campbell, after the name of the somewhat celebrated traveller, they were kindly welcomed by the Missionary, Mr. Sass; and at Griqua-Town, which they reached after another day's journey, with equal kindness by Mr. Melville and his family. How pleasant to meet, in the far-off wilderness, with Christian brethren, to enjoy their conversation, and to unite with them in prayer! Mr. Hodgson had met with Mr. Melville in Cape-Town, and had greatly admired his devotedness and zeal; for he had relinquished a situation under Government, worth seven thousand dollars (£500) per annum, for one of not more than one thousand dollars, chiefly with the view of spreading the Gospel among the native tribes. And now he was living as an agent of the Government among the Griquas, and endeavouring to promote both their temporal and their spiritual good.

An American poet has beautifully said, that

> "All through life there are way-side inns, where
> man may refresh his soul with love:
> Even the lowest may quench his thirst at rivulets
> fed by springs from above."

Yes; and doubtless our travellers found one of those way-side inns at Griqua-Town. It was long ere they found another like it; for

there was, at that time, no Mission-station beyond it in the line of Mr. Hodgson's track.

The Griquas, or, as they were formerly called, the Bastaards, are a people descended from intermarriages of the old Dutch colonists of the Cape with the Hottentots and Namacquas. The name Griqua is said to be an abbreviation of Cherigriquois, the name of a tribe living to the south of the Little Namacquas. A slave, named Adam Kok, the great-grandfather of the individual of that name known in Colonial history, purchased his freedom, and procured a farm among the Cape colonists. Many Hottentots, and other coloured people, gathered around him, and acknowledged him as their Chief. He sold his domain, and emigrated into the country of the Namacquas, where his subjects increased by the addition of large numbers of the natives. But in course of time calamities befell them; and about the year 1799, Mr. Anderson, a Missionary of the London Society, found them wandering on the banks of the Gariep, in a state of barbarism, poverty, and wretchedness. He offered to become their instructer and friend; and, after following them in their wanderings for several years, induced them, at length, to fix upon a spot as a settled habitation, to renounce their superstitions, and to cultivate the soil. The spot selected was called Griqua-Town, where, as early as the year 1808, Mr. Anderson ministered the Gospel to a congregation of eight hundred persons, and where, from that time to

the present, notwithstanding numerous trials, arising from the warlike disposition of the surrounding tribes, the church, thus founded, has been graciously preserved.* At the time of Mr. Hodgson's visit, however, it did not present a very promising appearance.

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* See Moffat's "Missionary Labours;" and Arbousset's "Narrative," translated by Brown.

CHAPTER IV.

Perils in the Wilderness.

Travelling in the interior of South Africa may, for a few days, be sufficiently romantic to render it agreeable; but when the novelty of it is gone, it becomes exceedingly wearisome, tedious, and disagreeable. Our friends had already been many weeks upon their journey, having no other habitation, day or night, but their waggons; and they had yet to submit to the hardship for a considerable time longer. Leaving Griqua-Town, they proceeded northwards to the country of the Bechuanas, among whom they were anxious to proclaim the Gospel.

"Missionaries in Africa cannot be gentlemen," observes Mr. Hodgson in his Journal, under date January 3d, 1823. Indeed they cannot, if by that term we are to understand those who are unable to put their hands to any arduous work. A Missionary in Africa must be willing to fell timber, mend waggons, build houses, or perform any other kind of service which is requisite. Mr. Hodgson's waggon wanted a new axle-tree; and to obtain one, he had, with considerable difficulty, to cut down a thorn-tree, the wood of which is exceedingly hard; and then, with the help of one of his

native attendants, to put it into shape. "For the first time in my life I engaged myself," says Mr. Hodgson, "in the employment of a waggon-mender."

The waggon being repaired, the journey was again resumed. Herds of buffaloes, quaggas, and springboks frequently enlivened the country which was traversed; but occasional thunder-storms broke over the travellers, and compelled them to shut themselves up in their waggons as closely as they could.

On the 5th of January they reached the Vaal river, which takes its rise in a mountain, called by the French Missionaries, *Mont aux Sources*, in south lat. 29°, east long. 30°; thence pursues, in the first instance, a course to the north, afterwards sweeps round to the west and south-west, and finally empties itself in the Great Orange River, in nearly the same latitude, and in east long. 25°.

Imagine that you see the Missionaries and their wives encamped by the side of the above-named river. What a change from the comfort they had enjoyed in their fatherland! but they were not disposed to murmur or complain. It was the Sabbath; and, assembling together the native attendants, Mr. Hodgson attempted to preach to them in Dutch. Alas! he failed, as others in like circumstances have often done since; for he had not yet acquired a sufficient knowledge of the language; and thus he laments over the painful circumstance:—"The difficulty I find in using the Dutch language,

is the only thing I am discouraged with in my Missionary labours; but this is a source of strong temptation, leading me to think that I have not done right in leaving my native land." Yet Mr. Hodgson subsequently became a very respectable Dutch Preacher; for, as Eliot said, when he had completed his Grammar of the Indian language, "Prayer and pains, through faith, will do anything."

Among the greatest trials which a Missionary-traveller encounters in South Africa, is that which arises from the temper of his native servants. They are generally indolent, self-willed, and awkward; and it is often with considerable difficulty that they can be induced to proceed on the journey when required. Towards the evening of the day Mr. Hodgson thought it prudent to "inspan," as it is called, and requested the men to make preparations accordingly. One of them positively refused, and, on being reasoned with on his conduct, threw himself into a violent rage, and declared his resolution to leave the Missionaries on the spot. He induced the rest to join him; and, packing up their clothes, such as they were, they left the travellers with but two boys, each twelve years of age. Their situation was one, as Mr. Hodgson observes, "which called for strong faith in the providence of God;" but he and his companions felt that they were under the guardianship of Heaven, and, even under these circumstances, they that night retired to rest in peace. Their confidence was

not misplaced; for the Christian's God is in the wilderness, as well as in the city, and can protect His servants in the greatest perils. "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be." Mark, reader, how they were preserved.

"About ten o'clock the sheep were disturbed by the approach of some animal, and driven from the place where I had left them. Walking round the camp, with a loaded gun in my hands, I saw nothing to excite alarm, and, adjusting the arrangement of our cattle, I retired to the waggon, where I enjoyed refreshing sleep until one o'clock, when I was awoke by my wife, who heard the approach of a number of people. Looking out, I saw ten men on oxback, and two on horseback, one of whom had a gun, and one an assagai, several of them clothed merely in their skin-karosses. The sight was novel, and calculated, in our defenceless state, to awaken fear; but I rose to greet them, and, as they approached the waggon, found them friendly."

They were a party of Corannas from a neighbouring kraal, who, having heard of the arrival of the Missionaries, had come to visit them. How opportune was their coming! Who will not say that the hand of God was in it? And now several of the servants, finding, perhaps, that help had come to the Missionaries from another quarter, returned, and offered to proceed with them a little further.

They arrived at a large Coranna village,

where the Chief received them with great cordiality, and where they remained several days. But when they signified a wish to proceed, the Chief, whose name was Chudeep, endeavoured to prevent them. "I hope," said he, "that you are come to teach me and my people the great word." "We are glad to hear you say so," replied the Missionaries; "but we are sent by our fathers to the Bechuanas, to whom we are on our way." "But would not your fathers be pleased if you stopped with me?" "We cannot tell without asking them, and they are at a great distance from us." The Chief, however, was not satisfied, and when the Missionaries were about to depart, he ran before the waggons, to try to detain them, and, after using many arguments to induce the strangers to remain, he at length said, with deep feeling, "*If, after all, you do leave me, I will lay me down, and sigh my life out.*" "Our hearts," observes Mr. Hodgson, "were moved; for, instead of having to protect ourselves from those engaged in war, our chief difficulty at this time was to tear ourselves from those who were ready to contend which tribe should have the messengers of peace. Had not our Mission been expressly to the Bechuana nation, we could not have done violence to our feelings in resisting the urgent claims of the old man and of his people."

It must not be supposed, however, that the urgency of this Chief arose from any sense of the value of the Gospel. What could he, a

wretched Heathen, who had never until now even heard the name of Christ, understand of the designs of the ambassadors of the Cross? Doubtless his hope was to derive, from the residence of the Missionaries with him, certain temporal advantages. War was at that time raging in the neighbourhood; and perhaps he thought that the white man would be able to afford him some help, in case the enemy should approach his village. But whatever the motives were by which he was actuated, Mr. Hodgson would willingly have complied with his request, had he felt himself at liberty to do so. Glad indeed was he to find that any of the tribes of the country were willing to receive him, even though they did not understand the object of his Mission.

The Corannas are a tribe of Hottentots. Their name is derived from a Chief called Cora, who formerly lived in the neighbourhood of Cape-Town, and who sold a considerable portion of the territory he occupied to the early Dutch settlers. Compelled afterwards, by their encroachments on the remainder, to retire into the interior, he and his people led a wandering life, and fell, still lower than they were before, into barbarism, wretchedness, and vice. Sad is the tale of the treatment experienced by many of the native tribes of Africa at the hands of the Dutch colonists, and terrible will be the account which they will have to give at the bar of the righteous Judge of the whole earth. Many of the calamities which have since come upon

South Africa may, undoubtedly, be traced to this one cause; but the guilty parties have passed to their account, and in the hands of the Avenger of the oppressed, be they white or black, they must be left. Happy should we be were we able to say that none of their descendants have inherited their spirit; but, alas! events testify to the contrary.

Of the character of the Corannas little can be said which is in any degree favourable. They are proverbially indolent, crafty, and rapacious. At the time that Mr. Hodgson travelled through their villages, and for many years after, they were at war with the surrounding tribes; and though an attempt was subsequently made to gather them together, and to bring them under the influence of Christian teachers, it was successful only to a very limited extent.

The journey was resumed, but difficulties multiplied. Now the cattle were lost, anon the sheep were missing, and once the interpreter decamped. The loss of the sheep, on which the travellers had partly to depend for subsistence, was a serious matter; and Mr. Hodgson was under the necessity of mounting an ox and riding off in search of them. Listen to his description of this adventure:—

"This is the first time I have mounted an ox; but I found it a more agreeable mode of travelling than I had anticipated, and it is certainly well suited to this country and the habits of its people. The ox used for riding

has a stick run through its nose, to which is fastened a piece of a hide, as a bridle. Upon his back are placed one or more sheep-skins, girt round his body with a rein, to which two other reins are fastened, one on each side, to answer the purpose of stirrups. In this way the traveller must journey; and with a good sambock,—a whip made out of the hide of the hippopotamus or other large animal,—though not so comfortable as on the back of a horse, and though subject to an occasional blow from the animal's tail, he may make good progress." Unhappily the sheep were not found. After two days' search, Mr. Hodgson was obliged to give up the pursuit, concluding that they had been either devoured by wild beasts, or driven away by some of the natives that were wandering through the country.

War was devastating the land. A commando of Kafirs, or of some other tribe, had come down from the north, and were spreading in their track misery and death. Our travellers fell in with numerous deserted villages, the inhabitants of which had fled in consternation before the anticipated approach of the enemy. How touching is the following!—

"Mr. and Mrs. Broadbent, my wife, and myself walked to one of the adjoining villages, a mile distant, and again beheld marks of the hasty manner in which the people had left their recent habitations. At a distance we observed three dogs, fat and well-favoured; and,

upon approaching the centre of the village, Mr. Broadbent saw a little child sitting by a small house, peeping through the upper part of a kaross with which it was covered. It was a mere skeleton, unable to stand from weakness, and altogether an object of the greatest pity and wonder, as it must have been several days without any one to communicate to its wants, and most likely without food, except what it may have gathered from the leaves of the bushes adjoining the kraal."

This destitute one proved to be a girl about six years of age, who had been abandoned by her friends, and left, as far as they knew or cared, to perish. She became the *protégé* of Mrs. Hodgson, who called her Orphena, nourished her, and brought her up; and, with considerable difficulty, (for she was not easily managed,) instilled into her mind the principles of religious truth. She afterwards came to England, in Mrs. Hodgson's service, and was an object of considerable interest to all who saw her. On Mr. Hodgson's second voyage to the Cape, she returned with him to her native land.

The travellers were now approaching the territory of Siffonello, a Chief of the Bechuanas, with whom it was their intention, should their way be opened, to commence a Mission. But the oxen were again missing; and again Mr. Hodgson, having sought them for some time without success, resolved, if possible, to find out the residence of the Chief, and to endeavour to obtain some assistance from him. In com-

pany with the interpreter, who had found his way back, and two Bechuanas, he left his companions, and, journeying on foot, proceeded in the direction in which he understood Siffonello lived.

"February 8th, 1823.—My bed, last night, was between two rocks, with a stone for my pillow; and having nothing but the ground to lie upon, which was very uneven, and, the night being cold, I had very little sleep. We were able, however, to proceed on our journey before the sun appeared; and, passing an extensive plain, we descended a little, towards a river, on the banks of which were seen an astonishing number of wild beasts, of different descriptions, whilst one part of a distant hill was perfectly black with thousands of blesboks, which were feeding on its side. I passed the river, when, just as I had got over, one of the men observed, behind some reeds, and but sixty yards from us, eight lions, six full-grown, and two small ones. He immediately apprised us of our danger, and we all quickly retired a little up the hill, when we had a distinct view of all the lions, which, after looking at us for awhile, went in a body to another part of the river. Had they been pressed by hunger, or had any circumstance occurred to excite their rage, we were most certainly in their power; and, but for the kind providence of God leading me to cross the river where I did, I should have gone among the reeds, in expectation of meeting with better water."

After another day's journey, Mr. Hodgson reached the residence of the Chief. He was sitting near his hut, under the shade of a tree, with several of his people. But outward signs of dignity there were none. A Kaffir or a Bechuana Chief is often clad, as are the meanest of his subjects, in a filthy skin-kaross; and, though he possesses almost unlimited authority over his tribe, and is fully conscious of his greatness, yet he makes but little display of it to the eye, and is generally as mean and ignoble in his manners as the lowest individual at his feet.

He received the Missionary with great cordiality, gave him abundance of milk and corn, and, on being made acquainted with the fact, that his oxen were lost, promised to come and visit his encampment, and to render him assistance in the recovery of the cattle. The Missionary then asked for a couple of oxen, on which to return back to his family and friends; but these were at first refused, the Chief being anxious to retain his visiter as long as possible. At length, however, they were granted; and Mr. Hodgson hastened to return. But let us hear his own words:—

"While dining, I was informed that two oxen had arrived; and, hurrying William," (his servant,) "we prepared for our journey without delay, thankful that my wish had been so unexpectedly complied with. The oxen being ready, we took leave of our new friends, and mounted. But we found the

animals the most unmanageable I had ever witnessed. William was thrown from the one he rode, and I was nearly so, more than once. After contending with them for some time, and travelling about a mile, meeting with some natives, we sent the oxen back, and went forward on foot. After walking about six hours, we were compelled to rest in the middle of a large plain, where we could find nothing to screen us from the weather but a tuft of grass."

Were not these hardships, Christian reader? And for what were they endured? For worldly gains, honours, and distinctions? No! But for the sake of carrying into the interior of South Africa the tidings of the love of Christ.

After two days' journey, the Missionary reached the waggons. "About six o'clock P.M., I was welcomed by my dear wife and friends, whom I joined with much gratitude to our heavenly Father for His mercies to us all during my absence. This journey, while it has been attended with much anxiety of mind, great waste of bodily strength, and not a little danger, will, I hope, tend to further the object of our Mission, as intercourse is now open with the Chief with whom we wish to settle." On the next day, February 13th, he writes thus:— "How agreeable is repose after fatigue; the comfort enjoyed in the bosom of my family after an absence of a few days! Our pleasures in this life arise much from contrast. My waggon, compared with my hard bed on the

ground, was like a palace. Surely the mercies of the Lord are great."

The Journals of Mr. Hodgson, from which I can give but a few brief extracts, are full of pious sentiments of this kind, indicating that, in the midst of all his difficulties, his mind was still kept in a spiritual frame, and that the source from which he drew his consolations was the throne of grace.

According to his promise, the Chief, accompanied by several of his people, visited the Missionaries, bringing with him an ox for slaughter, and a quantity of thick milk. From Siffonello Mr. Hodgson hoped to obtain some oxen, to enable him to proceed; but the Chief had none that had been trained to draw, and the Missionaries resolved, as the only expedient to which they could have recourse, to send to Campbell for oxen they had left behind. This, however, would involve a detention of several days; and great, therefore, was their anxiety in being obliged to submit to it. But while Mr. Broadbent and Mr. Hodgson were writing their letters to the Missionaries resident at Campbell, what was their astonishment when they saw their lost oxen approaching, driven by three Bechuanas! They had been stolen; but the thieves having been alarmed at the report of the guns which were fired by the men who had gone in pursuit of them, fled from the spot, leaving the cattle behind, which, being thus left, wandered about the country, until they were found by some of Siffonello's

men. This very opportune deliverance excited in the breasts of the Missionaries the highest joy. They saw in it the hand of God. They recognised His providence in all that had transpired. Even the loss of the oxen had been overruled for good; and, now that they were recovered, the gratitude of the travellers was all but inexpressible.

"How wonderful and mysterious," says Mr. Hodgson, "are the ways of God! How fraught with wisdom and with mercy are all His dispensations! It is necessary for a Missionary often to *stand still*, and see the salvation of God. We were often tempted to say, with Jacob, 'All these things are against us;' but, if we may hazard an opinion on the operations of His providence, we may indeed say, 'He hath done all things well.'"

And now, after three weeks' delay, the waggons were again set in motion. Conducted by a number of the people amongst whom they proposed to take up their abode, the Missionaries journeyed on to the place where the main body of the tribe was stationed. The Chief himself, wrapped in his skin-kaross, carrying his shield, spears, and umbrella, (the latter formed of ostrich-feathers fastened on a stick, on the top of which was Mr. Hodgson's hat, to which he had taken a great fancy,) led the way, accompanied by his son and heir, and by fourteen of his people, armed with shields, battle-axes, and assagais. Thus were the heralds of the Cross welcomed to the country of

the barbarous Bechuanas. How novel was the scene! One could wish that some artist had been there to sketch it.

The residence of the Chief being reached, the Missionaries halted, and began to hope that now, at length, they would be able to enter on their evangelistic toil. But the nomadic habits of the tribe rendered it impossible to commence operations. The Chief, having no settled dwelling-place, was uncertain whether he should remain in that part of the country or remove elsewhere. What, then, could the Missionaries do? They could only wait until Providence should still further clear their way, and, making their tents and waggons their habitations, take such opportunities of preaching and giving instruction to the people as were afforded them. Meanwhile they were frequently annoyed with the prying curiosity of those around them, and still more with their avarice and cupidity. The Chief himself was constantly coming to them for presents of tobacco, beads, and other articles in their possession, which they required for barter; whilst his wives (of whom he had five) and many of his subjects were equally unreasonable.

Is the reader fully aware of the trials attendant on the Missionary enterprise; or has he been accustomed to view it as a work of ordinary difficulty? There are persons who wonder that the Gospel has not been more successful in South Africa, and who are disposed to think that the efforts of the Christian

Missionary in that country have been all but futile. Would they not, were they fully acquainted with the mighty obstacles which had in the first instance to be overcome, wonder rather that the success has been so great? To estimate aright the result of any noble enterprise, we must know something of the difficulties by which it was beset. Ponder, then, the incidents related in this chapter. Think of all this preparatory toil through which the Missionary and his companions had to pass, ere a single effort of any great importance could be made to plant the standard of the Cross. You will then, perhaps, be prepared to judge more favourably of the success which ultimately crowned his efforts.

CHAPTER V.

Toils and Successes.

Passing over a variety of incidents, we shall now conduct the reader to the Makwasse mountains, where the Chief Siffonello resolved to take up his abode, and whither Mr. Hodgson and his friends accompanied him. As they journeyed on, the Chief would frequently enter into conversation, and ask of the Missionaries a variety of questions. Could they make rain, he inquired one day. He was answered in the negative, and informed that none but God could make rain. "And what is God like?" he asked: "is He the air?" Of a spirit he had no conception, and but a faint idea of a future state. Will our modern sceptics say that he did not need the light of Christianity?

The Makwasse mountains are situated about south lat. 27° 10′, east long. 27°. Here, then, the Missionary began his work: here the important enterprise commenced. A suitable site having been selected for the Station, preparations were made for building a Mission-house. Many days were occupied by Mr. Hodgson in cutting down timber, collecting stones from the rocks, digging for a foundation, and, with the

help of the natives, erecting a dwelling: but all this toil he cheerfully endured; and, meanwhile, he and his colleague, Mr. Broadbent, endeavoured to instruct the people in the elements of religious truth. During the week they spent several hours each day in manual labour, whilst the Lord's day was sacredly set apart for God, and employed in duties strictly ministerial. By degrees, the habitation was at length completed; and, O, the joy with which the Missionary and his family, after residing so many months in a waggon, entered on the possession of it! It was but a very humble cottage, but to them it seemed almost like a palace.

The true character of Heathenism cannot be mistaken. They who talk of the innocence of "the child of nature" are mere theorists, who speak of what they are wholly ignorant. Man, everywhere, destitute of the Gospel, is cruel, selfish, and without natural affection. Such Mr. Hodgson found him in the interior of South Africa. The natives would sometimes bring their children to him, offering to sell them for a few strings of beads. One day Siffonello himself came to the Mission-house, bringing a boy about six years of age, enfeebled by hunger, whom he asked the Missionaries to buy. They remonstrated with him on the cruelty of his conduct; but to this he was insensible, and he left the child in the hands of Mr. Broadbent. Many children had been sold by their friends; and thus slavery in some of its very worst forms was found to exist even

amongst those whom some would call the unsophisticated Bechuanas.

A few months after the commencement of the Mission, Mr. Hodgson and his family went to Griqua-Town to obtain provisions, leaving Mr. Broadbent in charge of the Station. About this time (June, 1823) occurred the famous invasion of the country by the Mantatees, so graphically described by Mr. Moffat. These marauders were called originally the Batlokuas, but they changed their name in honour of a female Chief called Mantatee. They appear to have come from the neighbourhood of Delagoa-Bay, whence they were driven westward by some other tribes in that locality who had become their most inveterate foes. Tall and robust in stature, and exceedingly fierce in their disposition and appearance, they caused consternation wherever they approached; so that, as the news of their depredations spread, the whole of the country from Latakoo to Griqua-Town became fearfully excited, and the various tribes fled in almost every direction, hoping to escape, and to save themselves from the enemies' attacks. Mr. Moffat, at the risk of his own life, took a journey to Griqua-Town, for the purpose of obtaining the assistance of the Griquas in an attempt to repel the progress of the invaders; and, subsequently, the Griquas, armed with muskets, having arrived at Latakoo, joined by the Bechuanas, met the Mantatees, when the latter were defeated and fled, leaving multitudes dead or dying on the ground.

It was soon after this battle that Mr. Hodgson, not knowing what had taken place, arrived at Griqua-Town. He thus refers to the particulars of his visit :—

"July 21st.—I reached Griqua-Town early in the afternoon, and met with a most kind and welcome reception from our friends there, who have felt much concern for our safety, and who received us as those that were alive from the dead. Messrs. Hamilton and Moffat, as well as Mr. Sass, with their respective families, are here, having deemed it prudent to return from Latakoo, where the Mantatees have been attacked by a commando from this place, consisting of one hundred men on horseback, armed with guns. Mr. Melville was present at the battle, and expresses himself astonished at the resolute ferociousness of the enemy; and says that the Bechuanas were like children before them, and that they numbered, of men, women, and children, at least thirty thousand."

But Mr. Hodgson became anxious for his colleague, Mr. Broadbent, who was left at Makwasse without any means of escape; and, fearing lest the retreating Mantatees should fall upon the Station, and perhaps slaughter the Missionary, he resolved, with noble heroism, to leave his wife and child under the charge of Mr. Sass, and to hasten back to Mr. Broadbent's succour. He reached the spot, and, to his great joy, found Mr. Broadbent and his family safe, but in great danger, as they had previously sent their waggons to Griqua-

Town, and could not, therefore, have removed, had the enemy approached. Happily, Mr. Broadbent was not aware of the perilous circumstances in which he had been placed until Mr. Hodgson arrived, and informed him of the events that had occurred. Not unfrequently is the Christian kept in ignorance of the dangers that surround him, until those dangers pass away. Were he fully aware of them at the time, he would probably be overwhelmed with fear; and, therefore, He who gave the promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," graciously and wisely hides them from his view.

Of the terrible results of the Mantatee invasion, the distress and misery it entailed upon the country, the families it ruined, and the tribes it scattered and dispersed, many touching illustrations occur in Mr. Hodgson's Journal; of which, however, we can mention but the following:—

"August 12th.—Upon opening the door of the house this morning, the first salutation I heard was, 'The crows are eating a dead body!' an exclamation which proceeded from two boys who were approaching the place where the body lay. I immediately joined them, and found a female dead upon the ground, with one eye pecked out, and part of one breast torn off. She appears to have died in the night, no doubt from hunger. I fear we are surrounded by numbers who must share the same fate. Many visit us who are

on the point of starvation; and it is out of our power to relieve them, as we cannot obtain oxen for slaughter. The body was immediately interred.

"August 13th.—A party of Siffonello's men met with twelve stragglers from the retreating enemy, all of whom they killed. In this act of cruelty they triumphed as if they had caused the whole body of the enemy to flee."

The danger from the Mantatees being considered past, Mr. Hodgson went back to Griqua-Town, whence he returned with his family to Makwasse, bringing with him, also, Peter Links, who had come from Khamiesberg to assist in the newly-established Mission. Soon after, the Rev. E. Edwards was appointed to Makwasse, and Mr. Hodgson removed to Cape-Town. Subsequently, a warlike tribe, called the Bataws, made an attack upon the Station, destroyed the whole of the Mission property, and swept off large numbers of Siffonello's cattle. Mr. Broadbent's health having failed, he was under the necessity of returning to England; and thus this Mission, commenced with so much toil and suffering, was for a while suspended. Deeply painful was it to the Missionaries to be obliged to leave a spot which had become endeared to them by their evangelistic labours; but the standard of the Cross had been uplifted amongst the barbarous Bechuanas, and a deep impression made upon their minds in favour of the truths which they had heard; and the brethren left Mak-

wasse with the hope that the seed which they had scattered would spring up, and bear some fruit in after-days. They had at least broken up the fallow-ground of Heathenism in that locality, and prepared the way for future operations; and they felt assured that the Lord Jesus, in whose name they had gone forth, would not allow their efforts to be wholly ineffectual.

Nor were they disappointed. Not to refer here to the results of their efforts in a spiritual point of view, there were several indirect advantages which the natives of the country reaped from their labours. Some of these are stated in two deeply interesting papers contributed by Mr. Broadbent to the Wesleyan Magazine, in the year 1850. One was "the discovery of fountains of water, by which the aborigines and their cattle are now refreshed, and lands, long barren, are irrigated and fertilised." When the Missionaries began to build their habitations, and had already made an excavation in the ground for clay, it occurred to them that, by digging deeper, they would probably obtain water. Mr. Broadbent, therefore, set a number of females, who had come to the Station in great distress, to work, and they dug to the depth of fourteen feet; when, to the great surprise of Siffonello and his people, they obtained an excellent supply of water. The Chief could scarcely believe what he saw. When Mr. Broadbent had drawn a bucket of water, he offered it to him

to drink; when he took it in his hands, and, looking suspiciously, first on his attendants, and then at the Missionary, as if afraid of being bewitched or poisoned, said, "Is it good?" a question which he twice repeated. Mr. Broadbent, seeing he was afraid to drink, took the bucket, and drank himself, and then offered it to him again. He then ventured to taste, and the bucket passed round from one to another, each one exclaiming, as he drank, "How cool!" This incident produced a remarkable effect upon the native mind; and the Missionaries might have taken advantage of it, had they chosen, to secure for themselves extraordinary honours. "Now I am sure," said the Chief, "you have an acquaintance with God, and He has told you this, or you never could have found it out." But he was assured that if he would dig, he also would find water; and he did so, and succeeded, to his great surprise.

Another of these incidental benefits to the natives was the introduction of wheat into their country. On Mr. Hodgson's return from Griqua-town to Makwasse, after the Mantatee invasion, he halted one night by the side of a bush, when a lion sprang out of the thicket on the oxen, which suddenly turned round, and upset the waggon. A number of articles were strewed upon the ground, amongst which were three bushels of wheat in a leather sack. During the night, a hyæna fell upon the sack, and gnawed the leather, so that a considerable portion of the wheat was lost. Some of it,

however, was preserved, and the Missionaries tried with it several experiments, with a view to ascertain whether wheat could be cultivated in that part of the country. The results were satisfactory, and now wheat is an article of food to tens of thousands who previously knew nothing of it. The Rev. John Ayliff, who visited the Bechuanas in the year 1844, observes:—"With one circumstance I was struck, and greatly pleased; namely, that the Dutch farmers, living near the Orange River, had passed out of the colony with waggons in the Bechuana country, to *purchase wheat of the Bechuanas*. Christianity and civilisation are steadily pacing through the land. At present there is peace. Schools and churches are prospering. The land is in a course of being highly cultivated; and all this amongst a people who, prior to the introduction of Christianity, were ruined by intestine wars."

These two facts may be viewed as symbols of those spiritual blessings which the Missionaries were the instruments of bringing into the land. The opening up of springs was indicative of a supply of the water of eternal life, for want of which the inhabitants were perishing. "I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys; I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water," is God's gracious promise in relation to the times of the Messiah; and in the interior of Africa it was both literally and spiritually fulfilled. And what shall

we say of the introduction of wheat? Was it a symbol of the bestowment of the bread that cometh down from heaven? How many of the Bechuanas have since this period eaten of the true manna, and been saved! Of the messengers of peace it may indeed be said, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

As Mr. Hodgson's fellow-labourer at Makwasse returned to England, and will not, therefore, be mentioned again in immediate connection with the Mission, I will here introduce the remarks with which he has favoured me on the character of Mr. Hodgson at the time they were associated.

"Fellowship in suffering," observes Mr. Broadbent, "creates a sympathy peculiar to itself, with which a stranger to such companionship intermeddleth not. It was my providential lot to be associated with the Rev. T. L. Hodgson, in South Africa, at the commencement of the Wesleyan Mission in the Bechuana country, in which we suffered toils and privations known only to ourselves and the omniscient One. The following words of St. Paul are strictly applicable to our circumstances during the years 1822 and 1823:—'In journeyings often, in perils of waters, . . in perils by the heathen, . . in perils in the wilderness; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst.' I sit down to sketch a few traits of his character with as vivid a recollection of those circumstances as

though they were of yesterday, and under the influence of feelings awakened thereby, which somewhat embarrass me, from a consciousness of my inability to do justice to my own sense of his moral worth.

"He possessed, in an eminent degree, a meek and gentle disposition, in combination with great courage and firmness in the path of duty. These graces were often called into exercise, sometimes by refractory hirelings, and often by perfidious Heathen; but I never saw them fail him, even in the most trying circumstances. His prudence and discretion were also equal to his fortitude and meekness. An erratic or eccentric man, or one deficient in self-possession and sound judgment, is not a suitable person to go among a people like the Bechuanas. Moreover, his zeal, which was the pure flame of love, no difficulties, disappointments, or delays could quench: it burnt with a constant, steady flame.

"The principal of these varied excellencies was deep, evangelical piety, fed and sustained by much prayer, and close communion with God through the Spirit."

Of the truth of these remarks several illustrations have already been given, and others will present themselves in the course of this Memoir. How different, in many instances, are the ways of God from the calculations and the expectations of man! The writer of the above lines was the subject, in Africa, of severe affliction, and was supposed, at one time, to be near to death; yet

he recovered, and even still survives; whilst his then strong and athletic friend has already finished his career.

As previously stated, Mr. Hodgson, prior to the destruction of Makwasse by the Bataws, was appointed to Cape-Town. He was exceedingly reluctant to leave the Bechuanas; but some one was required to take charge of that Mission, and both the Committee at home and his brethren on the spot thought that he was the most suitable individual. "But when," says Mr. Broadbent, "his waggon moved off from Makwasse, myself and my wife sat and wept in silence for a long time, feeling as if we were suffering a bereavement which would leave us in the most desolate condition."

To his brief sojourn in Cape-Town my limits will not permit to refer. In the year 1824 he returned to the Bechuana country, and joined the Rev. J. Archbell in the re-establishment of the Mission which had been so inauspiciously broken up. But the whole country was in a state of agitation, occasioned by intertribal wars, and it was for some time doubtful whether any steps could be taken towards the accomplishment of this desirable object. Mr. Hodgson was deeply distressed; and in his Journal, dated January 28th, 1825, he thus gives utterance to the emotions of his breast:—"O, how I feel the painful situation into which we are brought! To be restrained from prosecuting our object is most distressing; and the idea of being obliged to leave this country, and of abandoning the

Mission among the Bechuanas, oppresses me much. Poor Bechuanas! And shall I be compelled to leave a people with whom I trusted to live, and among whom I could almost wish to die?"

What noble sentiments are these! All the suffering which the Missionary had experienced had not tended in the least to cool the ardour of his zeal. His heart was still set on the evangelisation of this degraded race; and thus, when the prospect is beclouded, and his cherished plans seem on the eve of failure, does he lament over them, even as a parent for his children.

In the month of July, Mr. Hodgson found Siffonello, who, since the attack of the Bataws on the Station, had been leading a roaming and unsettled life, in a state of great distress. Not only had the hostile tribes risen up against him, but even the Griquas had taken advantage of his circumstances. They had heard, or they pretended to have heard, that he himself had destroyed the Mission property; and for this alleged act, of which he was entirely guiltless, had made him pay a fine of six hundred head of cattle. To Mr. Hodgson this circumstance was the source of much grief. He could not bear to see even a Heathen suffer wrongfully; and, having obtained the clearest evidence of Siffonello's innocence, he laid the case before Sir Andreas Stockenstrom, and requested that the grievance might be properly redressed. His efforts were, to some extent, successful; for the

character of the Chief was vindicated, and part, at least, of the cattle were returned.

Siffonello promised to return to Makwasse; and thither Mr. Hodgson accompanied him, with the hope of being able to re-commence the Mission. What a scene presented itself on his arrival at the spot! Here were the ruins of the habitations which he and his colleague had erected;—portions of furniture scattered about the place, a remnant of Dr. Clarke's "Commentary," part of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and several other valuable works, so far destroyed as to be altogether useless. The heart of the Missionary was sad enough; yet he set to work to erect another house; and on Sunday, September 25th, he held, with great comfort, a religious service in his new habitation.

But other trials yet awaited him. Siffonello and his people, having attacked their enemies and suffered a defeat, resolved to leave the neighbourhood immediately; and Mr. Hodgson, unable to dissuade them from their plans, had the sad mortification of witnessing their departure. We will give the story in his own words.

"Thursday, September 29th.—Early this morning all the people were in motion, and we had now the painful feeling of seeing them, under their respective Chiefs, quit their habitations and their lands, together with the galling reflection that in a few hours we must bend our course in the same direction, and leave

Makwasse, perhaps to return to it no more. After eight weeks' hard labour, during which time we had completed two comfortable rooms, four yards square inside, and nearly enclosed ground for a large garden, in which two wells were dug, seed was sown, &c.,—when we were in expectation of enjoying some family comforts, and of having opportunities of studying the language, with a view to the spiritual benefit of the people,—it is, indeed, a painful dispensation to be obliged to leave: but, as it is, we have no prospect of continuing the Mission here."

Again, then, it was the lot of this devoted servant of Christ to make his waggon his house, and to wander about in a wild and trackless country, until it should please the people to fix on some permanent abode. But all this he patiently endured, for the sake of the great object he was anxious to promote, and, generally, his mind was kept in great peace. He availed himself of every opportunity, even in his wanderings, of proclaiming to the people the message of salvation; until, at length, a place was found, which was deemed suitable as a site for a Mission-station, and which the Chief, Siffonello, agreed to fix upon as a home. Here Mr. Hodgson, together with his colleague, Mr. Archbell, began, therefore, to build a habitation, and afterwards to erect a house for God. The place was called Plaatberg, from a *flat mountain* adjoining it; but by the natives it was designated Motlhina Pike, or

the jaw-bone of a wild horse, which was the first article found by the Chief, near the fountain, when he went to inspect it. And now a school was commenced, the printing-press brought into operation, regular religious services established, and every effort put forth which was practicable to promote the welfare of this barbarous people. But a considerable length of time elapsed ere any fruit appeared in their conversion, and the faith and patience of the Missionaries were severely tried. The Bechuanas were a most ignorant and degraded race. Like the Kaffirs, whom, in many respects, they much resemble, they had no gods, and no temples; but they were highly superstitious, and were addicted to the most vile and abominable practices. Siffonello himself professed to be a rain-maker; and on one occasion, when rain had fallen after a long drought, he contended with Mr. Hodgson that he had brought it. The following extract from Mr. Hodgson's Journal furnishes an illustration of their ignorance and folly:—

"December 29th.—Siffonello, with the rain-maker, (another of the profession,) and several children, went in procession to the river. There they washed a sheep in the water, plunged into it themselves, and then returned home with a little water in vessels, the children singing all the way. At the village the water was made warm, when Siffonello asked the girls, 'Who has a desire to make rain?' One of the girls answered, 'I;' upon which the rain-maker

dipped a cow's tail into the water, and sprinkled her with it. The Chief then inquired, 'Who plunged into the river first?' and the same girl answering, 'I,' was again sprinkled with water. After this the rain-maker threw water into the air, calling for the rain; and then the children were dismissed."

Such is Heathenism as it exists among the Bechuanas. Is it surprising that minds under the influence of a system so degrading do not readily receive the Gospel? Yet the promise is, "My word shall not return unto Me void;" and though for a time the Missionaries seemed to stand up merely as witnesses for the truth, they were at length cheered by manifest tokens of success, and Plaatberg became the birth-place of many an immortal soul. After Mr. Hodgson left the country, the station was removed to another locality, several miles to the east, where, notwithstanding numerous wars, which have threatened its destruction, it continued to be the scene of some of the most successful Missionary operations in the interior of South Africa. The Rev. T. Arbousset, of the Paris Missionary Society, who visited it a few years since, observes: "The station numbers two hundred inhabitants, who, thanks to the strictness of the Wesleyan discipline, and to the zeal and energy of their spiritual instructer, have made no small progress in the Christian life. It presents a religious aspect much more satisfactory than many a village in Europe. The day of rest is, generally speak-

ing, well observed; the attendance on the sanctuary is numerous, and the people are attentive and devotional. Oftener than once have we been surprised and refreshed by hearing the more advanced members of the church speak of their spiritual feelings with that simplicity which is so characteristic of Pagan converts: 'I am a dull fellow: I understand but very little of these holy truths. I have only a little love to the Lord Jesus Christ.' Such is the simple way in which they express themselves in conversation, whether with one another or with strangers."

More recently Plaatberg has been subject to great alarms. "We have, as a family," writes the Rev. R. Giddy, from Plaatberg, to the Missionary Committee, October 13th, 1852, "been placed in very great danger; but a kind and gracious Providence has continually watched over us. We have suffered in many ways; but we have not sustained any personal injury. My most ardent wish is, that we may have peace, so that we could resume our work with vigour; but war is the curse and bane of Southern Africa. We commence a station, gather together a body of people, build a chapel, God blesses our work, souls are converted, a Society is formed, and we would fain hope that all would go on and prosper; when a dire and ruthless war between the different tribes scatters our people, destroys that which it took years to accomplish, and involves all in unutterable confusion. This is the case with

Plaatberg. We had here a Society of nearly two hundred members, a day-school, a Sabbath-school, and a sewing-school; we had some twelve Native Class-Leaders, and a number of efficient Native Sabbath-school Teachers; everything was going on well, and we were looking forward to still brighter days, and planning more efficient and extensive operations on the surrounding villages, when the war burst out; and in one day the whole of our people, with the exception of one that was sick, fled from before their more powerful neighbours. Since that, the war has raged so violently, that they have not been able to return without incurring the risk of utter destruction. They are encamped near the Modder River; and I feel happy that they are sufficiently near to our stations, Thaba-Unchu and Bloem-Fontein, to benefit by the visits of the brethren who are stationed at those places. They are looking to the British Government for that protection, and just consideration of their circumstances, which the Government promised them, and to which, as allies of the British, they have an undoubted claim."*

Let the reader of this narrative offer up his fervent prayer on behalf of that distracted land; and, in memory of those who, amidst so much toil, suffering, and privation, there commenced the Missionary enterprise, but are now gathered to their rest, let him offer of

* Report of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, 1853.

his substance to the Lord, that the work may still be carried on. There are still grounds for encouragement and hope. Through the dense dark cloud the light occasionally breaks; and even Africa, barbarous and warlike as it is, shall one day be evangelized and saved.*

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* It may be well to observe, that it is this portion of South Africa which is called "the Orange River Sovereignty," and which was placed, by Sir H. Smith, under the protection of the British Crown. It is now proposed to abandon this territory, and to permit the Dutch Boers, who reside here in large numbers, to form an independent government! For the honour of the British name, it is to be hoped that the measure will, on no account, be adopted; for, if it be, the native population of the country will be exposed to violence and injustice, and the work of Christian Missions, to a great extent, if not wholly, frustrated.

CHAPTER VI.

Bontrhap.

"THERE is something more required in a Missionary," says the late Melville Horne, in his admirable Letters on Missions, "than cold approbation, or that general disposition to do the will of God, which influences every pious man. We look for a strong, decided predilection,—a *passion* for Missions, if I may be allowed the term; that species of commendable enthusiasm which enables professional men to magnify the dignity and importance of their respective arts, and to pursue their object under every discouragement, until they have carried their art to a perfection which men of colder minds could never have supposed it capable of receiving."

Such a *passion* for Missions had Thomas Laidman Hodgson. Nothing less than this would have enabled him to sustain, with so much fortitude, the difficulties of his enterprise, or have induced him to persevere in it amidst so many discouragements. He was the subject of an ardent zeal, which no hardship that he met with could either quench or cool.

At Plaatberg he was called to sustain the loss of his only child a little daughter, who,

by her engaging manners, had greatly endeared herself to her parents, and whose innocent conversation beguiled many a tedious hour in the wilderness. To Mr. Hodgson and his devoted wife this was a most painful stroke; and what made it more distressing was, that Mr. Archbell and his family had gone to Griqua-Town but a few days before, so that they had none but natives around them to render them any aid. They themselves watched over the child in her sickness, closed her eyes in death, laid her in her coffin, and committed her to the dust. Thus Mr. Hodgson writes:—

"November 22d, 1826.—In the afternoon of this day we took a last look of the cold remains of our girl; and I had the painful task of screwing down the coffin, (a box, upon which she had often sat, while travelling in the waggon,) carrying it to the grave, adjusting it there, and performing, in every respect, the part of the sexton. The scene was more painful than any which I had before experienced; but the grace of God enabled me to pass through it without repining, though not without the feelings which a fond parent may be supposed to experience on being deprived of an only child."

Ah! ye bereaved parents! deep as is your sorrow, your cup has not been mingled with ingredients such as these. It is distressing to lose your children under any circumstances: but what must it be to lose an only child under circumstances such as are here described? Yet

we see that Divine grace was sufficient to sustain the minds of Christ's servants, even under such a trial; for both Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson were enabled to bow with meek submission to the painful stroke.

And now Mr. Hodgson contemplated the commencement of another important Mission. The Griquas, to whom reference has already been made, were divided into several clans, some of which were residing in the immediate neighbourhood of the Bechuanas. At Bootchap, (or Buchuaap,) a village about fifty miles west of Plaatberg, there lived a Griqua Chief, of the name of Barend Barends, whose people were, at this time, wholly destitute of religious instruction, and who himself applied to Mr. Hodgson, and invited him to go and take them under his pastoral and ministerial care. With the full consent of the Missionaries of the London Society, before whom he laid the case, Mr. Hodgson resolved to undertake the task; Mr. Archbell agreeing to remain at Plaatberg.

But before going to Bootchap, he and Mrs. Hodgson took a journey to Graham's-Town, for the purpose of obtaining the necessary stores. Here they had the pleasure of meeting with the Rev. W. Shaw and family, and of holding Christian fellowship with the members of the church. After a life of so much privation, this was most refreshing to their spirits; and Mr. Hodgson experienced considerable satisfaction, especially in ministering, several times, to an English congregation. Having purchased

such articles as were requisite, he bade farewell to his friends in Graham's-Town, and took his departure for the intended Station, with fresh resolutions of fidelity and zeal. The journey was a tedious one; but he and his excellent wife had become inured to the difficulties of travelling, and in a few weeks they reached Plaatberg in safety, where they learned that the Chief Siffonello had died but a little time before, leaving his brother Moroko regent during the minority of Sitalo, the rightful heir to the government of the tribe.

They soon entered on their new sphere at Bootchap. Here they had engaged a native hut, and expected that on their arrival it would be ready for them to occupy; but, instead of this, it was inhabited by a Griqua, with a numerous family, whose filthy skin-karosses were scattered about the floor, rendering the place unfit to enter. Who can wonder that Mrs. Hodgson wept? The noble-minded woman had long endured privations of no ordinary kind; and it was hard work to be thus disappointed of a residence, and to be obliged, as she feared, to live in a waggon several weeks longer. But both she and her husband rose above the trial; and the hut was, ere long, cleared and occupied. It must have been a very comfortless affair, however; for it consisted of but one apartment, and had neither window nor chimney. Yet it was better than the waggon, or the open air; and the Missionary and his wife were thankful to obtain it.

An artisan having arrived from Graham's-Town to assist him, Mr. Hodgson began again to build; and, after several weeks, like David Brainerd among the Indians of America, he got into his house. He was, however, a little better off than Brainerd; for Brainerd says, after taking possession of his hut, "I am now quite alone: no friend to communicate my sorrows to, or take sweet counsel together;" whereas Mr. Hodgson had a beloved wife, the willing sharer of his burdens, and the sweetener of his toils. It would have been better, perhaps, for Brainerd, had the noble-minded Miss Edwards, who watched over him in his last illness, who died soon after him, and who was buried by his side, been his companion in the wilderness. Would not the tone of his piety, in that case, have been more cheerful?

And now, for the first time, the holy Sabbath was observed by the inhabitants of this village, a school commenced for the instruction of the young, and the message of mercy regularly proclaimed. The Missionary did not begin his labours, as did the first Moravian Missionaries in Greenland, by discoursing to the people on the attributes of God. He told them of the love of Christ; of His sufferings and His death; of His resurrection, ascension, and intercession with the Father; and of the blessings which had thus been purchased for mankind. He addressed the people as sinners, and endeavoured to show them the sinfulness of sin; but he told them, also, how sin might be for-

given, and how God was waiting to receive the penitent, to admit him into His family, and to constitute him an heir of heaven. Nor was it found that these topics were above their comprehension. On the contrary, while they listened with astonishment, they listened with delight; and it was not long ere signs began to manifest themselves that light was penetrating the benighted mind, that conscience was at work, and that God was blessing the efforts of His servant on behalf of the benighted sons of Africa.

Sometimes individuals were deeply wrought upon under the ministry of the word, and, feeling that they were sinners, wept aloud. At other times persons came, after the public service, to the Missionary or his wife, in deep distress, asking what they must do to be saved; while others, in a similar state of mind, would retire into the bush, there to plead with God for the pardon of which they felt their need. A class was formed, which soon numbered from twelve to twenty members, respecting whom there was reason to believe that they were earnest seekers of salvation. Of these, the greater part, if not the whole, were ultimately admitted into the Christian church by the solemn rite of baptism.

The following incidents are worthy of insertion, as illustrations of some of the statements now made:—

"April 21st, 1829.—Greet Bergomen (a female, so called) visited me this morning, to

relate how the Lord had blessed her soul. She has been long under a gracious concern for salvation, and deeply humbled by a sense of her sinful and dangerous condition; but, for some time, obtained no lasting comfort. Yesterday she was powerfully affected in the class, and, during the night, was brought into a state of extreme distress. She heard the Bechuanas dancing and singing; and she thought within herself, 'How is it they can thus serve the devil, while I have no pleasure in attempting to serve God?' She felt herself as if in midnight darkness, utterly destitute of anything that was good, and wholly without power to help herself. She saw, too, that she was unfit to appear in the presence of God; and, from the number and magnitude of her sins, she dreaded death. This morning, however, while engaged in prayer at the first cock-crow, she felt access to God—the cloud broke; she felt that Jesus was her Saviour; the fear of death was taken away; and she had peace, a peace which was accompanied, not so much with ecstatic joy, as with deep reverential awe. She now feels that she cannot be sufficiently thankful to God, and praise sits upon her lips."

"June 16th.—After the prayer-meeting, three women came to speak with me respecting their spiritual state. Two of them were much concerned, and the other (a believer) seemed to feel the narrowness of her heart to receive the unbounded love of God. One observed that she felt herself as if built into a wall, from

which there appeared no way of escape; and the other regretted that she could not feel so much concern about her salvation as she saw was necessary."

"July 5th (Sunday).—After the usual services of the day, we were much gratified to hear several of the boys engaged together in singing and prayer in the school-room, while some of the elder girls were so employed in one of the people's houses. This method of employing the Sabbath evening arose entirely from themselves."

"July 8th.—Last night's prayer-meeting was found profitable to many. The wife of William Rapitain was much affected, and cried aloud in the disquietude of her soul; but this morning she came to say that the Lord had manifested Himself to her while at private prayer, and that she felt that all condemnation was removed."

Such were some of the gracious results of Mr. Hodgson's labours. And now, doubtless, he was rewarded for his patient toil. To see the penitential tear, and to hear the penitential sigh, is ever, to the faithful Minister of Christ, a source of joy; but it is specially so in a heathen land, and amidst a people who have been long under the bondage of superstition. For, when a Minister enters on such a field of labour, he enters a valley full of dry bones; and he asks, as he surveys the scene, "Can these dry bones live?" What, then, must be his emotions, as he sees, if not the whole valley

become instinct with life, yet a few raised up from the death of sin, and animated with the spirit of Christ Jesus the Lord? He is encouraged; he is satisfied that his labours are not wholly useless; and his faith in the efficacy of the Gospel, as the grand instrument of the world's regeneration, is strengthened and confirmed. So was it with Mr. Hodgson. Expressions frequently occur in his Journals which indicate that, at Bootchap, he was often filled with joy at the sight of penitents weeping at the cross, and of believers exulting in the consciousness of pardon. He saw that Christianity was adapted to the wants of Griquas and Bechuanas, barbarous as they were, as well as to those of the most civilised of mankind. He preached it, therefore, with the greatest confidence. Whether any other means were necessary, or any other system was required to effect a moral change in the inhabitants of South Africa, he never for a moment stopped to ask; but, like the great Apostle of the Gentiles, he proclaimed Christ crucified,—to some, indeed, a stumbling-block, and to others foolishness, but to all that believed, Corannas, Griquas, or Bechuanas, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God.

One event of a most gratifying nature was the conversion of the nephew of the Chief, referred to in the following extracts:—

"August 3d, 1829.—I visited Barend Barends, who has been for some weeks ill, and was gratified to find that he had been awakened to

a sense of his condition as a sinner. He is, however, quite deaf; and it is with difficulty that we can understand what he says, his voice being nearly gone. When I entered his dwelling, his uncle, the Chief, was sitting on the ground, near him, endeavouring, by signs, to direct his thoughts to Christ. Before praying for him, we sang a hymn, strikingly descriptive of the love of God to sinners in the gift of Jesus Christ, and which he endeavoured to read while we sang. At prayer, though he heard nothing that was said, he manifested great anxiety; and, as he had learned to read the New Testament since we came here, the book he had used at school was brought, that, when he was able, he might read such portions as were suitable to his state of mind. He appeared engaged in prayer the whole of the day, frequently uttering the penitent's cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' When able, he warned the children of the school not to leave the concerns of their souls to a deathbed; and said that he would pray till the sun went down.

"August 4th.—I was called up at the first cockcrow to see Barend Barends, who was thought to be dying; but he revived again after struggling some time with violent pain. After breakfast Mr. Rapitain, the assistant, visited him again, and prayed for him. He sat up while we prayed, and appeared anxious to join in our petitions. After leaving him, his uncle followed us to say that Barend had received

some comfort, and had expressed his confidence that his way was open, and that he hoped his sins were pardoned. In the course of the forenoon he sent his respects to me; which induced me again to visit him, accompanied by Mr. Rapitain. Whilst at prayer he recovered his hearing and his voice to a considerable degree, joined most heartily in the petitions, and said with confidence, 'Jesus is my Saviour; my sins are forgiven; I shall go to heaven.' After this he addressed his friends, and said that he should now leave them, as he had found the Lord; and calling his sister, he exhorted her to seek the Saviour while she was in health."

"August 5th.—I was awoke betwixt four and five o'clock by the cry of those in distress, and repairing to the house of Barend, found that he was dead. The Chief was endeavouring to reconcile Barend's wife (to whom he had been married nine months) to the painful bereavement, by those consolations which religion alone presents."

How gratifying is this narrative! what a proof does it furnish of the power and value of the Gospel! Here is a young man, but lately ignorant of the first principles of religion, a heathen, and addicted to many heathen practices, who, receiving light through the ministry of the truth, seeks on his deathbed, and at length obtains, "the favour and the grace of God;" and, dying, leaves a testimony behind him of his assurance of eternal life.

The Christian sacraments are eminently calculated to produce on the minds of such a people as those among whom Mr. Hodgson laboured the most beneficial results. That of baptism, as administered to adults, is soon understood as the sign of admission into the Christian church, and that of the Lord's supper, as setting forth the death of the Lord Jesus Christ as the great atonement for the sins of the world. Both these solemn rites were, therefore, introduced at Bootchap; and, from time to time, persons of mature age, having given satisfactory evidence of the sincerity of their repentance, were baptized, and afterwards admitted to the table of the Lord. Children too were brought to the baptismal font, and dedicated, by their Christian parents, to the Lord; and Mr. Hodgson had the satisfaction of receiving many into the visible church of Christ, respecting whom he could indulge the liveliest hopes of their ultimate salvation. On one occasion he thus writes:—

"Sunday, November 8th.—I baptized the children of five of the members of the Society, and in the evening administered the sacrament of the Lord's supper to thirteen persons, by all of whom, it was found, I believe, a season of peculiar profit. A solemn sense of the Divine presence was felt among us. One person declined to receive the elements, (though she was present with us,) from a consciousness of being unfit to approach the Lord's table; and another I excluded, finding that she had

an unchristian feeling towards one of the members of the class."

The Christian life is everywhere made up of lights and shades, sunshine and clouds, days of brightness and days of gloom. Sometimes the lights appear to predominate for awhile, and several weeks, or even months, roll on without any extraordinary trial or calamity. But it is not well, perhaps, that the Christian should have sunshine always; and anon, the heavens grow black, and the storm rises and bursts, and he is thus reminded that the world is not his rest. Mr. Hodgson had now laboured two years at Bootchap, during which he had experienced many proofs of the Divine goodness, and had witnessed many signs of God's power among the people; but towards the close of the year 1830, he was called to pass through one of the most painful dispensations of Providence that marked his eventful life. Mrs. Hodgson had given birth to a daughter, and was now suffering severely from an abscess in the breast. No medical advice could be obtained at Bootchap; and Mr. Hodgson, whose mind was much distressed, thought it his duty to leave the Bechuana country, and ultimately, to take a voyage home. With great reluctance, but doubtless under the direction of the Providence of God, he bade adieu, December 5th, 1830, to the people among whom he had lived so long. It was no ordinary trial to be obliged to leave them. Bootchap had become endeared to him by many pleasing associations. The

work of God was evidently prospering. The Sabbath congregation amounted to nearly two hundred persons; thirty-three persons had been admitted into the church; and there were fifteen candidates for Christian baptism. No wonder, then, that Mr. Hodgson felt deeply on taking his farewell of this interesting charge. The following is his account of the last Sabbath spent at Bootchap:—

"December 5th, 1830.—Preached twice, and took leave of those whose salvation had for upwards of two years been the burden of my mind and the subject of my prayers. Though I fully acquiesce in the dispensation of Divine Providence in my removal from Bootchap, and prepare for my journey without a murmur; yet I feel keenly at parting with a people to whom I have been blessed, and who have long shown the greatest affection towards me and mine. Never did I see so clearly the force of that evidence of discipleship spoken of by our Lord, 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another;' (John xiii. 35;) for while I parted with many with feelings of pity for them as sinners, yet I felt the yearnings of a parent over others who had set out for the kingdom, but were yet the lambs of Christ's flock. May the great Head of the church preside over and abundantly bless them! I administered the Lord's supper to twenty-five persons, two of whom were young men belonging to the school. The Lord was graciously present."

Who does not admire the simplicity of these remarks? There is here no colouring, no attempt to make the most of these circumstances. Indeed Mr. Hodgson's Journals were kept only with a view to private purposes, and not with the design that they should ever be made public. He occasionally made extracts from them, which he sent to the Missionary Committee in England; but in these extracts he kept himself, as much as possible, out of view. His humility was most sincere, and the success of his labours he ever attributed to the mercy and the grace of God.

Bootchap continued, after Mr. Hodgson left it, to be the scene of Missionary toil for several years. It does not now, however, stand on the Missionary report; for, in consequence of the removal of the inhabitants to other localities, it was ultimately abandoned. And, indeed, the Mission in the Bechuana country has been subject to numerous vicissitudes; for, as Neander strikingly observes, "We may often notice in the history of Missions, how a rapid, and, to a superficial dreamer, a very promising spread of Christianity has been succeeded by a rallying of the forces of Heathenism; and the final victory of Christianity is not achieved till after a fresh conflict, which serves to separate the genuine and the spurious."* Yet the seed scattered was not lost. The produce of it re-

* Missions in the Middle Ages.

mains to this day. Many whom Mr. Hodgson was the instrument of enlightening have been gathered into the fold above; and others still live in fellowship with the church on earth. To the value of Missionary effort in the interior of South Africa, testimonies have been often borne by travellers, some of whom, however, have pursued a course of conduct calculated to neutralise the effects produced. Among this class must be ranked Mr. Gordon Cumming, the Nimrod of that country, who, in his Travels, observes of the Griquas, that they are "given to gross superstitions, which the pains-taking Missionary strives to abate and to extirpate by the education of their children;" but then proceeds to narrate some of his own exploits, which, as he himself states, the Missionary, Dr. Livingstone, declared, would produce an injurious influence on the native mind.* Well-merited are the censures on Mr. Cumming by the "Quarterly Review" in the following passage, which I quote as a highly valuable testimony to the importance of the labours of such men as the subject of this Memoir. After

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* He had made the Bechuanas believe that the rubbing of his hands with sulphur was the cause of his being able to hit a target whilst the Chief missed it! and he then observes, "When Dr. Livingstone was informed of this circumstance, he was very much shocked, declaring that in future the natives would fail to believe him when he denounced supernatural agency, having now seen it practised by his own countryman."—*A Hunter's Life in South Africa*, vol. ii., p. 72.

citing a passage from Mr. Cumming in which he relates how he practised on the superstitious notions of the Bechuanas, the reviewer observes:—

"It is a relief to turn from this picture of the use of superior knowledge and power to another one. The Anglo-Saxon Missionary voluntarily expatriates himself, and takes up his abode permanently in those remote wildernesses where to spend a few 'sporting seasons' is a rude trial for the strong-blooded enthusiast of the chase. Here the homely Moravian, or despised Methodist, bent to achieve the conquest over himself, a victory far above any that can be attained over the brute beasts, tasks himself with all those duties that may tend, in any measure, to the dispersion of the dense mist of ignorance and superstition which has long clouded the minds of the dark brethren around him. He shows them better methods of cultivating the soil (vol. i., p. 225); he laboriously studies their dialect, and reduces it to writing (*ib.*, p. 226); he teaches the young, —sows the good seed of humane principles and charities in their fresh minds (*ib.*, p. 225); and, working at his humble printing-press, diffuses the same principles wherever he has prepared the ground by the art of reading; he hastens to the relief of the wayward wanderer, who may have thwarted his best endeavours (vol. ii., p. 280); in a word, his daily practice exemplifies the precepts which he specially inculcates on the Christian Sabbath, the Divine

Author of which he feels himself commissioned to make known to those who have never before had preached to them the Gospel of peace; and all this Mr. Cumming relates, without apparently one surmise of the inevitable deduction."*

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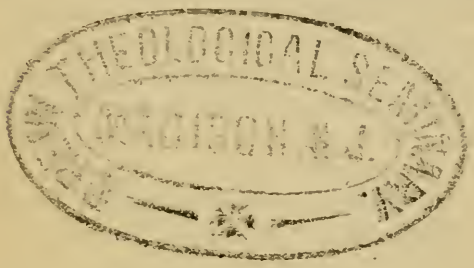
* "Quarterly Review," December, 1851.



CHAPTER VII.

England and the Cape.

Stepping on board "the Courier," at Port-Elizabeth, with his afflicted wife and infant daughter, Mr. Hodgson bade, as it proved, a temporary adieu to Southern Africa, and on the 25th of May, 1831, landed at St. Katherine's Dock, London; whence, in a few days, he proceeded to Darlington, where he met with a most cordial reception from a large circle of friends, and where he was appointed by the ensuing Conference to labour during the following year.

And now the stroke which he so much feared, but which he had hoped might possibly be averted, fell upon him. On the 30th of September, 1831, his beloved Ann exchanged mortality for life. But her death was calm and peaceful. On the day previous to her departure, her husband observed to her, "You can smile at death:" to which she answered, "Yes, and triumph in death;" adding, "Precious Jesus! precious Jesus! I did not think that the Lord would have blessed me as He does. Glory! glory!" "Much she saw and suffered," observes Mr. Hodgson, "in this evil world; and now that she is removed to that pure and holy rest, faith decides that all is

right. The strength of natural affection sometimes makes me feel under the bereavement; but my judgment is quiet, and tells me that my heavenly Father hath done all things well." Mr. Hodgson's consolations were those which the Gospel furnishes. He was not stoical, but neither did he sorrow as others who have no hope. And, doubtless, though the pain of separation was so bitter, he was thankful that he had possessed so valuable a help-meet. He would have adopted—and who that knows anything of the delights of friendship would not adopt?—the sentiment so beautifully expressed by Tennyson:—

> "I hold it true whate'er befall;
> I feel it when I sorrow most;
> 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all."

In the society of his friends at Darlington, Mr. Hodgson found some solace for his mind; and here he laboured, with considerable benefit to the Circuit, for a period of two years. He then removed to Retford, where his ministry had been so successful at an early period of his life. "Although," observes his friend, Mr. Otter, "from exposures and heavy trials in a distant land, his physical energies were much reduced, yet he still manifested the same spirit, the same zealous effort to save souls; and a large amount of success again attended the joint labours of himself and his excellent colleague, the Rev. Robert Ramm." His pulpit

exercises, as several of his manuscript sermons are sufficient to prove, were characterized by clear, plain, and forcible exhibitions of the great doctrines of the Gospel; and if there was nothing brilliant in his preaching, there was—what is of far more value—much earnestness and zeal in making Christ known as "the way, the truth, and the life,"—the "one Mediator between God and man." A Missionary in the interior of South Africa has but few opportunities for reading and study, and Mr. Hodgson often expressed his regret that he had not been able to give more attention to pursuits of an intellectual nature; but, as we have seen, his time in the Bechuana land was otherwise filled up. He had, however, made himself thoroughly conversant with God's own book, and was "a workman that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

But, though highly acceptable in his Circuit, and greatly blessed in the work in which he was engaged, his heart was still in Africa, and he panted to return to the foreign field. He, therefore, (having previously married again,) offered himself to the Missionary Committee for a re-appointment to that country. For awhile, however, no suitable opening for him presented itself to the Committee in South Africa; and hence the General Secretaries wished him to take the oversight of the Irish Missions and Schools,—a position for which they thought him well qualified. But, though urged to accept that honourable post, he declined it;

with the hope, no doubt, that his way would ultimately be made plain to return to his former sphere of toil.

It *was* made plain. In the year 1835, much to the regret of his friends in England, he received an appointment to Cape-Town; and immediately after the Conference of that year, he made preparations for, a second time, leaving his native land. Was it no trial to him? Let the following extract testify:—

"October 6th, 1835.—Left Darlington by coach; and had to do violence to my feelings in leaving many kind relations, whom, perhaps, I may never see again until the morning of the resurrection. Providence kindly opened my way to escape the pain of parting with my dear sister Parker; and I was able, with something like manly fortitude, to leave my dear relatives at Darlington, though painfully reminded of the scenes through which I passed in March, 1821." "On the coach, I had time for reflection, and could not help shedding tears at leaving a place where I was born, and born again; where I spent some of the happy years of my youth, and where there are many who retain, in their affections, a warm feeling towards me. However, I was soon enabled to recover the calm state of mind which I have enjoyed in yielding to the convictions of my breast."

At Retford, and in the neighbourhood, he received numerous proofs of the high estimation in which he was held by his friends. At

Gringley, for example, after preaching his last sermon, he was presented with the sum of £10, by a number of friends, some of them members of the Church of England, accompanied with the following address:—

"Permit us, Rev. Sir, as members of our National Church, to offer to you the assurance of our kindly disposition towards your person and office, which ourselves and others of our communion have good reason for entertaining for such a series of years. On this ground it is that we, and others of your own Body, have ventured to give expression to our feelings by uniting our prayers with our sacrifices; and beg that you will consider this feeble token of our love and esteem for the cause of Christianity in no other light than conveying an earnest wish and desire that Almighty God would, in His good providence, give you and yours His future blessing, and make you more than ever the happy instrument in diffusing His light, His truth, and His salvation to those who are sitting in darkness and the shadow of death."

Not more gratifying to Mr. Hodgson was the address, and the gift by which it was accompanied, than it was honourable to the parties by whom it was presented. The money he was at liberty to appropriate either to his personal convenience, or to the general interests of Christian Missions; and, with the generosity by which he was always characterized, he immediately resolved to devote it to the latter.

On the day of his departure from Retford, large numbers of friends assembled to give to their beloved Pastor a last shake of the hand; and, as the coach passed through the villages of Rockley and of Tuxford, the streets presented a most lively appearance, many having left their habitations to catch a farewell look. He arrived, with his family, in London, on the 16th of October, and ten days after embarked in the "Mary Eliza," bound for the Cape of Good Hope, &c., &c. The voyage was, like most voyages to non-seafaring people, tedious and long, with occasional storms, and a few calms; but it was rendered agreeable by the company of the Rev. Messrs. Jackson and Garner, and their wives, and of Mr. and Mrs. Tindall, all of whom had been appointed to different spheres of Missionary labour in Southern Africa. The ship dropped her anchor in Table-Bay, on the 16th of January, 1836; and in a short time Mr. Hodgson and his family repaired to the Mission-house adjoining the Wesleyan chapel, Burgh-street, where they received a cordial welcome from Mrs. Shaw,—her husband, the Rev. Barnabas Shaw, not being at home.

And now Mr. Hodgson entered again on his beloved employment; and, with nearly all his youthful zeal, began to exert himself for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. But he and his colleagues met with opposition. Among the coloured population of Cape-Town, there was a considerable number of unruly persons,

who attempted, on several occasions, to disturb the public worship of God. Open-air preaching was commenced on the parade, but was soon abandoned, in consequence of the annoyances to which the Preachers were subject. Mr. Hodgson appealed to the Superintendent of the Police; but, though the privilege of preaching in the open-air had been granted by His Excellency the Governor, little redress could be obtained. Some of the scenes enacted were most disgraceful; resembling, more or less, those which were witnessed in England, during the early days of Methodism, and originating, doubtless, from a similar cause—hostility to the doctrines of the Cross.

Nor were the coloured classes the only parties connected with this movement. There were persons behind the scenes, who, from extreme dislike to Methodism, instigated, or, at least, abetted the mob. In a certain newspaper, published in the Dutch language, inflammatory articles made their appearance, abusing the Wesleyan Ministers and Local Preachers in no very measured terms. The attempts which were made to break in upon the ranks of Satan, roused the ire of his servants, and even of some who professed to be the followers of Christ. Here is a description of one of those scenes:—

"July 24th.—At four o'clock in the afternoon, I repaired to the parade, accompanied by two of our friends, where I was afterwards joined by many of the Society; and, on taking

my stand for the purpose of preaching, was surrounded by several hundred persons. During the first hymn the mob was tolerably quiet, and also at prayer, with the exception of a few persons crying out, 'Speak up,' 'We cannot hear,' &c. But while singing the second hymn, several made themselves prominent in pushing about among the crowd, and, before we had finished the hymn, a considerable commotion had commenced. Blows were struck; and, seeing one or two individuals intoxicated, one man without his coat, blood flowing from one or two persons, Mr. Jordaine's exhortation to listen to what I had to say disregarded, and our friends, who were most active and courageous, unable to stop the commotion, I felt a little alarmed for the consequences,—not as affecting my personal safety, but the credit of our cause, lest sufficient forbearance should not be shown, and lest we should be censured for persisting in the duty of open-air preaching. While I attempted to preach, several stones were thrown, one of which hit me on the head, and another on the hand. After continuing the service, such as it was, the usual time, we sang a hymn, and I dismissed the congregation by pronouncing the benediction. Upon this, I retired through the mob towards the lower end of the parade, where a gig was waiting to convey me to Wynberg, where I had to preach at six o'clock; and was followed by some hundreds, saluting us with shouting, and occasional stones, one of which hit me on the

back. At the bridge over the small brook and stile through which we had to pass, on leaving the parade, a considerable rush was made by the mob, probably to induce our being thrown into the ditch; but I hastened on, and took my place in the gig, leaving the rude rabble, under a vulgar salute and a shower of stones, thankful that I had sustained no injury in maintaining the right of offering the Gospel where Sabbath-breakers, and all kinds of sinners, of all ranks and all ages, are wont to resort, and that I was honoured in bearing, in any measure, the reproach of Christ."

But these circumstances were in several ways overruled for good. A gentleman, belonging to the East India service, sent to Mr. Hodgson a donation of £5 for the Wesleyan Missionary Society; and a Memorial to His Excellency the Governor, in favour of the Wesleyan Missionaries, was drawn up and signed by sixteen gentlemen of the first respectability in Cape-Town, and published in the "South African Commercial Advertiser." Justice was also obtained, at length, from the authorities of the town, and two of the ringleaders in the disturbance fined. "I left the Police-court," says Mr. Hodgson, "thankful for the termination of this unhappy affair, and for the cordial support which had been afforded me by some most respectable gentlemen, with a hope that active hostilities will cease, and that the public will perceive that the prosecutions have been instituted only to further

the rights of justice. I feel myself much indebted to Mr. Jordaine for his kind and courageous behaviour; for he not only addressed the mob, and exhorted to peace, but encouraged me to persevere in my efforts."

From the day that St. Paul preached at Ephesus, and "the whole city was filled with confusion," even to the nineteenth century, has Christianity met with opposition. All the world over have its Ministers been persecuted, and all the world over have the votaries of error and of sin assailed it with their might. The reason is obvious. It strikes at the root of all those evils which fallen human nature cherishes so fondly. "Sirs," said the makers of shrines for Diana, "ye know that by this craft we have our wealth." How then was it likely that they could allow Paul to preach against Diana, and thus to ruin their trade, with impunity? And for the like, or for similar reasons,—because it endangers their craft, or their pleasure, or, perhaps, their reputation,—men almost everywhere, whether civilised or barbarous, oppose the faithful proclamation of the Gospel.

Early in the year 1837, the Rev. Barnabas Shaw returned to England; and Mr. Hodgson became Chairman of the Cape District, and, some years later, the General Superintendent. On him the care of the Mission now, therefore, principally devolved; and the duties he was called to discharge were exceedingly onerous and important. He felt his responsibility; but he

proved fully equal to the task assigned him. In his hands no department of the work was suffered to languish for want of attention and of care; for, with all the energy he could command, he watched over the various interests of the District more assiduously than a parent over those of his own family.

On his arrival in Cape-Town there was one excellent and commodious chapel, which had been erected several years; but another was required in a somewhat neglected part of the town, and by the united efforts of Mr. Hodgson and his colleagues it was built, and on the 26th of February, 1837, dedicated to the worship of the one true God, by the Rev. W. Shaw, who had just returned from England, and the Rev. B. Shaw, who was on the eve of his departure. Towards the erection of this chapel, a bazaar was held; which was patronised by the presence of Lady D'Urban, Sir J. Wilde, and other distinguished personages of Cape-Town; and which realised the sum of £50, with a small balance, which was set apart for the commencement of a Dorcas Society.

The new chapel was situated in Sydney-street; and I well remember the pleasure I experienced when in Cape-Town, on visiting this little sanctuary, and witnessing its highly interesting congregation and school. Here many a benighted mind has been enlightened, and many a poor sinner directed to the Cross. Not long after it was opened, the Divine blessing was very largely given to the ministry

of the word of God, and several individuals were brought into fellowship with the church of Christ. The Malay and coloured population of Cape-Town were the special objects of Mr. Hodgson's attention, and he had the satisfaction of seeing the schools which had been already established for their benefit flourish, and a third commenced for the instruction, more particularly, of girls. In this institution his friend, James Backhouse, Esq., who visited South Africa in the year 1838, took a lively interest. Mr. Backhouse had been a school-fellow of Mr. Hodgson's, and after a separation of twenty years they met at Cape-Town on the 27th of June, 1838, on which day Mr. Backhouse and his companion Mr. Walker landed on the shores of Africa. Mr. Hodgson thus alludes to the circumstance:—

"Messrs. Backhouse and Walker, two 'Friends,' who have been travelling in various parts to obtain information as to the state of religion, &c., arrived in the Colony from the Mauritius. With Mr. Backhouse I was at school, in Darlington. I have not seen him for twenty years. Little did either of us think, when boys, that we should ever meet on a foreign shore."

And in his personal narrative, Mr. Backhouse observes:—"8th month, 13th. We accompanied Thomas L. Hodgson to a school belonging to the Wesleyans, in Sydney-street, a district of the town in which many poor Irish and coloured people reside. Upwards of

one hundred pupils are taught here by a pious young man, on a modification of the system of the British and Foreign School Society. A precious sense of the overshadowing of our heavenly Father's love attended our minds while hearing a few of the lessons, and subsequently extending some religious counsel to the children."

The abolition of slavery in all the possessions of the British Crown, one of the noblest acts ever performed by the English Government, was a boon conferred on Southern Africa, and one as joyously received as in the West India islands. The day on which the Act came into operation was one of general gladness and rejoicing; the owners of the slaves alone refusing to take part in the festivities of the occasion. "It was observed," says Mr. Hodgson, "by assembling the Sunday-school children in the Government-Gardens, where they and others were addressed by Mr. Clough, and the children regaled with beef and bread. The day passed off with great hilarity. We had three hundred and ten children from our three schools; a very large number, considering that many of our children are yet apprentices, and were prevented from joining us."

But in the midst of numerous tokens of the Divine favour with which Mr. Hodgson was visited, he was called to sustain peculiar trials. The spirit of faction which in 1835 disturbed many of the Wesleyan churches at home, reached even to Cape-Town; where several persons (some of whom lived to repent of their conduct) endeavoured to sow the seeds of

disaffection among the members of the Society, to set aside all lawful authority, and to introduce practices utterly adverse both to the interests of Methodism and of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. That such sad exhibitions of the spirit of lawlessness which then occurred, and which have still more recently been witnessed in Methodism, should have ever taken place, is not to be attributed to defects in its constitution, as it has been repeatedly affirmed, but to the disposition of our fallen nature, which, when under the influence of pride, vanity, and disappointed ambition, is ever ready to find fault with governments, both civil and ecclesiastical, and that, too, under the plea of a love of liberty Mr. Hodgson was alarmed for the peace of the flock over which he had to watch, and he endeavoured firmly, but with the greatest kindness, to maintain his position as a Christian Pastor. His difficulties were numerous, but he happily succeeded. All manner of abuse was, however, heaped on him by his opponents, and charges the most frivolous were preferred against him. The illness and death of Mr. Goodrick, a young man of considerable energy and zeal, who had been sent to assist him, occurring about this time, added greatly to Mr. Hodgson's sorrow. The ministry of Mr. Goodrick had been highly useful, and the loss of such a colleague was peculiarly painful. But this is one of the trials to which the Christian Missionary is frequently exposed,—to

see his fellow-labourer smitten down by sickness, and to close his eyes in death.

But cheering instances of the power of Divine grace encouraged Mr. Hodgson to pursue his work. The following account, which appears in his Journal, is strikingly illustrative of the simplicity of the means which God often employs for the conversion of the sinner:—

"August 30th, 1839.—Martenas Stammen was interred in the burial-ground of the Dutch Reformed Church, of which he died a member. In his removal we have sustained a great loss; as he promised, from his attachment to Methodism and desire to be useful among the coloured people, to be a great acquisition to our body. Stammen was left an orphan at an early period of life, and was adopted by Mr. A. De Smidt, in whose family he gained the greatest respect. Through affliction he was brought under deep concern for his soul's salvation, and in this state of mind attended several places of public worship, but without obtaining the instruction which was suited to his case. One evening, passing by a store, in Long-street, where a Local Preacher was exhorting a few coloured people in Dutch, he entered, and was struck with what he heard. He at once resolved to become acquainted with the Wesleyans, joined the Sabbath-class, and in about three months found peace with God. He soon began to take part, with the coloured population, in the prayer-meetings and the school department; and his piety, zeal, and

Christian devotedness became apparent to all with whom he thus associated.

"After eighteen months union with the Society, he was sent to Somerset, Hottentot's Holland, as a hired schoolmaster; where he also acted as a Local Preacher. At Somerset he soon collected fifty children, and his conduct in his situation was irreproachable. But he took cold; and his delicate frame, which was predisposed to consumption, beginning to sink under the influence of disease, he was obliged, most reluctantly, to return home. During his illness he was always happy; and on the Sunday evening previous to his death, his soul overflowed with the love of God, and appeared as happy as it was possible to be in the body. He longed to depart, and prayed, 'Lord Jesus, come quickly.' He was sensible to the last; and receiving a little water from one present he was thankful, and said, '*Ik heb niets meer noodig*,' and calmly fell asleep."

"I need nothing more." How happy he who can thus express himself in the hour of death! But he only is able to do this in whose heart Christ is formed 'the hope of glory;' for none but Christ can satisfy the soul's desires, and, in such a season, especially, give peace and joy.

In the year 1839, the Centenary year of Methodism, a considerable number of Missionaries were sent out by the Society to reinforce the Missions in the South Seas and in South Africa. The "Triton," destined for the Pacific, but having on board two Missionaries for Africa,

arrived at Cape-Town on the 23d of January, 1840; and scarcely had she sailed again, ere the "George," with a large party of Missionaries, all appointed to South Africa, reached the same port. To Mr. Hodgson and his excellent wife these events caused very great joy; and by hearts as warm as ever beat in human breasts, were the whole party welcomed to the Mission-house at Cape-Town. The hospitality they experienced (and the writer, being of the number, feels that he is bound to speak of it) was unlimited. Every comfort the Mission-house could afford was liberally supplied, and every effort made to render this their first landing on the shores of Africa as agreeable as possible. Mr. Hodgson possessed no little of "the milk of human kindness," and many Missionaries and their families, going to or returning from the South and East, have found in him a counsellor and a friend.

The Rev. James Smeeth, one of the party in the "George," was appointed to the Cape, and to him I am indebted for the following remarks on Mr. Hodgson's character; of which, as he laboured with him for two or three years, he had opportunities of forming a proper estimate:—

"Mr. Hodgson," he remarks, "possessed a sound and vigorous constitution. Persons of more delicate health may be, and doubtless are, very useful in some departments of God's service; but not in South Africa, where the Missionary, like St. Paul, must be 'in jour-

neyings oft, in perils in the wilderness.' What Mr. Hodgson endured, during his twenty-six years of service in that country, eternity alone will reveal; but, without detracting from others, we may safely say that in this respect he had no superiors, and but few equals. His abilities as a man of business were of a high order. The manner in which duties of this class were discharged by Mr. Hodgson was often the subject of admiration on the part of Government-officers, as also of the most respectable bankers and merchants of the town. Some may suppose that his Christian and ministerial character would suffer from so much application to matters of mere finance; but, whatever may have been the danger, his uniform piety, powerful prayers, and unwavering faith were evidences to the contrary. He was not unwont to pass from the most exciting business or the most engaging society to the bedside of the sick and dying, and there to plead with God, until his fellow-worshippers felt that the answer would be given. His talents as a Minister were respectable. Had he been favoured with leisure for extensive reading and pulpit-preparation, he would have been, in the best sense of the term, a popular Preacher. But a man who in early life was breaking up the fallow-ground of a heathen desert, whose only abode for months together was a waggon, and who, in the latter part of his career, (besides his full share of Circuit-work,) was constantly devising or executing plans for

the extension of the work of God, could find but little time to round his periods, or to prepare his addresses in very measured terms and sentences. Mr. Hodgson made many sacrifices for Christ, and the sacrifice of literary pursuits was not the smallest. But his preaching was with power. During the time that I was with him, it was characterized by fervour, energy, and success. Many of the sable sons and daughters of Ham were led, by that ministry, to HIM of whom Moses and the Prophets wrote. But what shone most conspicuously in Mr. Hodgson was a deep and ardent spirituality. It was impossible to be much in his company without feeling that he was 'an Israelite indeed.' He was keenly alive to anything like unkindness from man, and deeply sensitive when affliction came from the hands of God; but, under both, he possessed his soul in patience. Often, when his name had been vilified in the public papers, have I heard him pray that the poor inquiring Heathen might not be thus turned from the way of peace, and that those who reproached him might have mercy, and not judgment, at the bar of God. He was faithful, withal, in the discharge of his most painful pastoral duties, and his attention to the interests of the Wesleyan Missionary Society was unwearied. Unlike some of his brethren, he had the means to be liberal whenever an appeal was made to his sympathies. Often did I think him indiscreetly free in the distribution of his own property;

but over every part of the Society's resources he watched with a most jealous eye."

To this testimony I add the following from the Rev. J. Gostick, now of Devonport, who visited the Cape on his passage from India, and who observes,—

"Brief as my acquaintance with Mr. Hodgson was, I shall always retain a vivid and agreeable impression of his character. It was in 'a time of need' that I saw him. I had been torn, by domestic affliction, from my 'loved employ' in India, and was landed for a week at the Cape of Good Hope in the course of our voyage to England. Never shall I forget the consoling and hallowing influence of Mr. Hodgson's society. A man one would like to meet *anywhere*, he was *just the man* for a case like mine. He was labouring under a little indisposition at the time, so as to be confined to his room; but he strove in every possible way to make my stay at his house useful as well as agreeable, and conversed with me more constantly than, for his own sake, he ought to have done, with a solemn dignity, and yet a gentleness and sweetness, that greatly charmed me. I had an opportunity of preaching in English, twice in Cape-Town and once in the vicinity, during my visit; and I learned how much esteemed he was by the people of his pastoral charge. I should not do justice to Mrs. Gostick's and my own grateful recollections, did I not add that Mrs. Hodgson was a worthy help-meet of her revered and lamented husband."

CHAPTER VIII.

Visit to Namarqualand.

Infant churches require considerable care. The occasional visits of senior and experienced Ministers to them are, therefore, of great importance, and are generally valued both by the Pastors of such churches, and the flock. The Missionary journeys of St. Paul were undertaken, not only with a view of planting churches where they did not yet exist, but also of confirming several which had already been commenced, and of imparting to them spiritual gifts. And though no Christian Minister has now all the authority possessed by an Apostle, yet, even in these later times, Missionary churches —churches planted in heathen lands—have reaped no little benefit from the visits of those whom parent churches have sent forth upon the errand.

In his official capacity, as the General Superintendent, Mr. Hodgson visited, in the year 1841, the Missions in Namacqualand, which were included in the District of which he had the charge. There is so much that is interesting in connection with the history of the commencement of these Missions, that the reader will pardon a moment's allusion to it. The Rev. Barnabas Shaw, on being appointed to the

Cape, found that at Cape-Town there were hinderances to his labouring among the coloured population, and he resolved therefore to go into the interior. He set out upon his journey; when, having crossed the Elephant River, and entered on the Karoo, he met a Namacqua Chief and four of his people, who had travelled about two hundred miles, and were on their way to Cape-Town "in search of a teacher." In this remarkable circumstance Mr. Shaw perceived the finger of Divine Providence, and offered to return with the Chief to his kraal. The offer was joyfully accepted, and the establishment of a Mission at Lily-Fountain in Little Namacqualand was the consequence. Another Station in Great Namacqualand was subsequently commenced; and thus did the light of Christianity break forth upon a country which had hitherto been wrapped in moral gloom.

The Namacquas are ethnologically allied to the Hottentots. They are similar to them in appearance, though somewhat taller; and their language, which has to some extent been superseded by the Dutch, is of the same character as the Hottentot, and had, doubtless, the same origin. Their manners and customs resemble those of the tribes of Southern Africa in general; but of religious notions they are said to have been, when first visited by Missionaries, almost wholly destitute.

Mr. Hodgson was not a stranger to Namacqualand, having visited the country in the year 1824. He contemplated this journey,

therefore, with considerable interest; and has left a Journal of each day's incidents, from which I make the following extracts.

He left his home and family on the 2d of March, on horseback, accompanied by a Namaqua, named Jacob, as his assistant and guide. An "endeared friend" had presented him, some time previously, with a little book of Scripture passages for each day of the year, entitled, "The Threefold Cord," which he took with him to use on the journey whilst the horses rested. It proved to him a source of considerable help. Each day's text was read and pondered; and often, when depressed in spirits, it was manna to his soul. After several days' journey, he arrived at the residence of Mr. Van Zyl, a Dutch farmer; where he obtained a waggon and oxen, which had been sent from Khamies-Berg, and whatever else was necessary for the journey yet before him. He thus alludes to the hospitality of his host:—

"March 8th.—In preparing to set forward on my journey, had comfort in the promise of the day, (Isai. lii. 10,) and felt honoured in taking any humble part in causing 'the ends of the earth' to 'see the salvation of our God.' May my journey bear upon this grand object! When I came out of my chamber, all was bustle, as if the attention of every one must be directed to my wants. The father was finishing the drying of some fruit which I was to take with me; the mother was busy with her maidens baking about twenty loaves of bread, some of which I

was constrained to accept; the son was counting the sheep and goats, and ordered my man to take of the best of the flock, which young Mrs. Van Zyl prepared for our use; and one of the men was seen riding to the other farm to obtain fruit from the garden. The waggon was soon furnished with meat, bread, butter, apples, pears, figs, water-melons, and I know not what besides, that I might have a feast in the wilderness, where, I was told, I should not have 'a bit too much.' I certainly never felt more oppressed with kindness, urged upon me with so much Christian simplicity; and at last I was obliged to lock the door of a chamber where Mrs. Van Zyl thought there was something that would add to my comfort. To crown the whole, Mr. Van Zyl requested his son to yoke his oxen, and bring the waggon through some heavy sand and over an adjoining mountain, by which favour the strength of our oxen was materially saved for the whole journey."

At six the following morning Mr. Hodgson reached the "Heere Lodgement," which, he observes, "is a natural curiosity, and ought to be seen by all travellers; though a little appalling, from the projecting of the shelving rocks, which form the cave. It is a spacious apartment, thirty feet by twelve, affording an agreeable shelter from the scorching rays of the sun, and the heavy rains which fall at this season of the year. Some of the rocks seem suspended by a very slender support; but they

have been in this position for ages, and will, perhaps, remain so until the time when 'the elements shall melt with fervent heat.'"

After passing the Elephant River, south latitude 31° 35′, east longitude 18° 20′, Mr. Hodgson arrived at "Ebenezer," a Mission Station of the Rhenish Society; where he met with a most cordial reception from the Missionaries, and found an institution quite in its infancy, where about a hundred and eighty persons were under the influence of religious instruction. The Missionaries were contemplating great improvements, and were deeply devoted to their self-denying work.

Several days' travelling brought him to Khamies-Berg, (Lily-Fountain,) where the Rev. J. Jackson was labouring, who had but just recovered from a dangerous illness.

"March 15th.—Rose at two, and proceeded on our journey. Rested to take coffee near Draai Klip, where I was glad to meet brother Jackson, particularly after an affliction which had threatened his life. I mounted one of his horses, and passing Horn Gaat, reached Mrs. Jackson and the children much sooner than I should have done by the waggon. Lily-Fountain is about four or five thousand feet above the level of the sea, and forty miles distant from the coast. Consulting with Mr. Jackson as to future proceedings, I resolved to set off to-morrow to Nisbett-Bath, to confer with brother Cook as to our affairs, and, if necessary, to induce him to return with me to Lily-Foun-

tain; where the affairs of both Stations, and especially the subject of the Damara Mission, might be considered with more advantage, and our united judgment officially recorded."

In accordance with the above resolution, Mr. Hodgson, though somewhat indisposed, set forward the following day, on horseback, for Nisbett-Bath. His guide, however, misled him, and, after travelling some distance, he was obliged to return to Lily-Fountain to obtain a guide better acquainted with the road. Such disasters will happen sometimes, and especially in Southern Africa. A second effort was more successful.

And now the journey was over a sandy plain, where water was somewhat scarce, and both men and horses soon became faint. "By digging in the sand, however," says Mr. Hodgson, on one occasion, "we obtained such as we could use for our coffee, which I drank 'under the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' We obtained water for the horses in the same way, using my pewter plate as a spade. But I was amused with my horse 'Prince;' for when he found that there was water in the sand, he dug for it himself with his fore-feet, and would have supplied himself with a sufficient quantity had we given him no assistance."

On reaching the Great River (the Gariep), Mr. Hodgson, as indeed he expected, found it full, and his difficulty now was how to get across it. He was greatly fatigued for want

of sleep, and an intense thirst occasioned him considerable distress. Finding two men, a Namacqua and a Bushman, he sent them to a native kraal to ask some of the inhabitants to come and assist him in getting through the river; but they returned, stating that their application had met with a refusal. Mr. Hodgson was obliged, therefore, again to make his bed on the sand, as he had done before; but the ground being "somewhat hard," and the mosquitoes not a little troublesome, he got scarcely any rest. The text for that day, in "The Threefold Cord," he found peculiarly suitable: "Let patience have its perfect work."

The next day he proceeded to the village himself; and writing a note to Mr. Cook, he gave it to a Namacqua to take care of, and deliver to any person whom he might meet with from Nisbett-Bath. The man, however, was afraid, having, probably, some superstitious notion respecting it, and could not be induced to take charge of the note. It was therefore tied to a tree, and he was requested, if any one came that way, to point them to the paper. Mr. Hodgson hoped by this means to get information of his position conveyed to Mr. Cook: but this, of course, was uncertain; and he was glad, therefore, at this juncture, to meet with a Bushman, who, less superstitious in this instance than the Namacqua, took the note, promising to comply with Mr. Hodgson's request. The Journal thus proceeds:—

"We left our temporary residence early, and were led by the Namacqua over one of the highest and most rugged mountains I ever passed in South Africa. It was truly terrific to look down some of the precipices, and dangerous to lead our horses over the rocks. I found a little copper ore at the top of the mountain, and two hours' travelling brought us to a village consisting of five houses only; where, however, we were received with great kindness. The Captain at once promised us the necessary assistance; but, not having a sufficient number of swimmers with him at present, he sent to a neighbouring village to request three of his friends to join him to-morrow at the ford.

"March 23d.—Rose early, and prepared for our journey to the Great River, with the persons who had engaged to swim us over. Several women came from a neighbouring village to hear 'the great word;' and, of course, I held Divine service with them. About two hours' travelling brought us to the river, where we were soon joined by the men who had been engaged to assist us. Three blocks of dry willow-wood were soon procured, and my guide was conducted over a wide and strong stream with safety; after which, the horses were taken across. I was obliged to remain until the following morning, as arrangements could not be made in sufficient time to complete our work.

"March 24th.—As early as the swimmers

could be induced to move, the saddle-bags were conveyed to the other side of the river; and upon the return of the men, I entrusted myself to the charge of two of them, between whom I rested on a transverse beam, fastened to a log of wood on each side, upon which the men rested their bodies, grasping a peg, driven into the log, with one hand, and using the other to swim with,—a method both simple and safe, and by which the natives can swim a considerable distance even in the strongest stream."

And all this to get to Nisbett-Bath; and that, too, on a temporary visit! Yes, kind reader, Christian Missionaries are not gentlemen, passing their lives in ease and quietness. They do not shrink from difficulties, or even from hazarding their lives when duty calls them and they think that thereby Christ's cause can be advanced; but, like the great Apostle of the Gentiles, a measure of whose spirit many of them have received, are "in labours more abundant," for the welfare of mankind.

The following day Mr. Hodgson arrived at Nisbett-Bath, greatly fatigued by his journey, and suffering severely from having eaten food which had not agreed with him. Here he found Mr. and Mrs. Cook, and Mr. and Mrs. Tindall, the latter (Mrs. T.) but just recovering from a violent attack of fever. A night's rest proved highly beneficial, and Mr. Hodgson was able to take part, the following morning, in an early prayer-meeting. The next day was the

Sabbath, and an account of its services is thus given:—

"March 28th.—The chapel, which will hold three hundred persons, was occupied at an early hour by the people, who conducted a prayer-meeting among themselves, in the Namacqua language. At ten o'clock I preached to upwards of two hundred persons, who were most attentive. In the afternoon Mr. Cook took the service, and in the evening a prayer-meeting was held in the chapel, while I preached, in English, to the Mission families. The day was spent with spiritual profit; and I was highly gratified with the attention of the people, and with the facility with which the interpreter spoke. I baptized Mr. Cook's little girl after the morning service."

Nisbett-Bath is situated in Great Namacqualand, in south latitude 28° 20′, east longitude 18° 40′. In the year 1832 Josiah Nisbett, Esq., a gentleman from India, promised to give to the Wesleyan Missionary Society the noble sum of £200, if something could be done for that part of Africa. The Rev. E. Cook, hearing of this offer, volunteered to go; and, with the Committee's consent, entered on his labours. They were, to a great extent, successful; and Mr. Hodgson found, from the records of the Station, that since its commencement one hundred and fifty-five persons had been baptized, and seventy-three couples married,—a result which, considering the degraded condition of the Namacquas when the Gospel

was first sent to them, must be viewed as most encouraging. Two sub-stations had also been formed, called respectively Blyderverwacht and Jerusalem; the former of which was under the care of David Africaaner, a son of the once notorious heathen Chieftain, Titus Africaaner, whose name was a terror through the land. We must make room for the account of Mr. Hodgson's visit, which he paid in company with Mr. Cook.

"On the road," he observes, "I examined one of the *community-bird's* nests, consisting of a number of nests united into one, each nest being separate as to its entrance, and distinct as to its occupation, yet all under one roof, so formed as to throw off the rain like an umbrella. The birds congregate in this way in great numbers, so as nearly to cover the higher branches of a large tree. They enter these habitations from beneath. * * * On reaching the village, we were welcomed with expressions of the utmost delight. The wrinkled by age, and the youngest child that could walk, appeared to feel it a duty to shake hands with us; and such was the pressure from without, that I was obliged to pass through the ceremony with expedition, to shake hands right and left, using both hands at the same time. In the evening I had much satisfaction in holding a religious service with at least three hundred persons, called together by the sound of a koedoe's horn (a large antelope). Their attention to the truth addressed to them,

through David, as interpreter, was most pleasing. I sat under the shade of a large camel-thorn tree, and conducted the service by the light of the moon. David Africaaner is one of the seven sons of the notorious robber, Titus Africaaner, whose original residence was Jerusalem and Blyderverwacht. Here he heard the Gospel from the late Missionary, Albrecht, of the London Missionary Society, and left Jerusalem some years ago, with the other branches of his family, for the Damara country; where, though in a backsliding state, his conscience would not allow him to follow the course of life his brothers were pursuing, in robbing the Damaras of their cattle, and hence he resolved to return to Jerusalem. He is now employed as interpreter, exhorter, and Scripture-reader; and is made a great blessing to the people amongst whom he resides. He lives in the possession of Christian experience, having been restored to the enjoyment of the Divine favour; and in his labours we have a striking instance of what may be effected by native agency judiciously directed."

Here (at Blyderverwacht) Mr. Hodgson also met with Titus Africaaner, who in 1824 had given him much anxiety when travelling through the country of the Bushmen. Titus was at that time a great marauder, and by his robberies of the native tribes, was spreading amongst them the greatest consternation. But the lion had become a lamb, and Mr. Hodgson now found him a penitent believer in the Lord

Jesus Christ. In the Missionary Report for the year 1839, Mr. Cook thus speaks of him:—"At the name of Jesus, his contrite heart is at once overwhelmed, and his subdued cries and lamentations, at the thought of having grown old in sin, are deeply affecting. He had been addicted to drinking the intoxicating liquor made by the natives from honey; but upon his conversion he destroyed the vessel it was made in. He had also been accustomed to smoke hemp, and had some fine healthy plants in his garden; but these he also destroyed, and threw away some seed which he had laid up for future use." "He is now," says Mr. Hodgson, "sitting, in his right mind, at the feet of Jesus, enjoying peace with God and man, and is evidently the retired, humble, unassuming Christian." What a trophy of the power of grace!

A Branch Missionary Society was formed at Blyderverwacht during Mr. Hodgson's visit, towards which the people promised eight sheep. One of the strongest proofs which persons converted from Heathenism can give of the reality of the change, is liberality to the cause of Christ; and hence the Christian Missionary does right in asking their assistance, even were it not absolutely needed, and, in training them to acts of this kind, confers on them no small benefit.

At Jerusalem, ten miles further, Mr. Hodgson found the remains of a dwelling-house, built by Mr. Albrecht and Mr. Moffat, and the foundations of a church laid by the former,

which, owing to his removal, was never finished. Here were several families, to whom the Missionaries preached. They then returned to Nisbett-Bath. The day following a Missionary Meeting was held, an account of which Mr. Hodgson thus furnishes:—

"April 2d.—In the course of the forenoon, several persons were noticed coming to the village from the outposts, to attend the Missionary Meeting, which had been announced the preceding Sabbath. At three o'clock the bell was rung; and the people, to the number of at least two hundred and fifty, hastened to the chapel. The Meeting was opened by Mr. Cook, with singing and prayer. He then addressed the congregation on the subject of Missions, and was followed by myself and Mr. Tindall. The state of the heathen world, the benefits arising from Missionary effort, the desire experienced to send the Gospel to the Damaras and the Bushmen, and the readiness of many young men in England to embark in the arduous toil, were severally brought before them. A subscription-list was then opened, and three cows, ten oxen, one heifer, three calves, sixty sheep, and seven goats, were given, to commence the Nisbett-Bath Wesleyan Auxiliary Missionary Society. After the evening service, one calf, fifty-three sheep, and eighteen goats, additional, were given." The value of these cattle amounted, on a moderate calculation, to six hundred and three rix-dollars, or £67. 14*s.* 6*d.*

Let the reader look for Nisbett-Bath on the map, which he will find on that of Mr. Moffat, or on that published by Mr. Wyld; and let him consider the darkness of the surrounding country, and the moral wretchedness of its wandering population; and then let him think of the power of Christianity, by which, in such a wilderness, so beautiful a garden has been planted, and surely he will be disposed to say,—

> "Hark! the wastes have found a voice:
> Lonely deserts now rejoice,
> Gladsome hallelujahs sing,
> All around with praises ring.
> Lo! abundantly they bloom;
> Lebanon is hither come;
> Carmel's stores the heavens dispense,
> Sharon's fertile excellence."

For this £67. 14*s.* 6*d.* was but an outward indication of the existence of something far more valuable. It was a proof, and a very striking one, that the fallow ground of heathen hearts had been broken up, and that the precious seed which had been deposited in those hearts was beginning already to bear fruit. "Upon the whole," says Mr. Hodgson,—and who can wonder at his saying it?—"I consider this an era in the history of the Mission, and one of the most glorious days that Great Namacqualand has seen. * * It is worthy of remark, that when Mr. Cook first arrived at this Station with the people whom he brought from Khamies-Berg, it was with the utmost

difficulty that he could obtain a few sheep, even of the poorest kind; and that his supplies, as to food, were, for some time after, drawn from the Colony. But now the people, by the blessing of God on the industry and economy enforced upon them, have not only cattle to sell for clothes, but are able, at the first Missionary Meeting ever held in Great Namacqualand, to present liberal subscriptions in cattle, as a thank-offering to Heaven." Yes; this is what the Gospel has done, and is still doing, for South Africa,—training its degraded tribes to industrial habits; awakening in their breasts emotions of gratitude and thankfulness; raising them from a condition of almost abject destitution; and, above all, directing them to the one great Source of happiness and peace, God, reconciled to man through Christ.

Mr. Hodgson spent another Sabbath at "the Bath," where he preached to a congregation of upwards of three hundred persons. Some additional contributions to the Missionary Society were offered; and one old man, standing by the door of the chapel, said, "I have only two old ewes, but I will give one of them;" and another "stood up boldly, and gave in his name, wishing, no doubt, to have it enrolled with so noble a band;" but, on being asked the amount of his contribution, the eyes of his friends being fixed upon him, on account of his poverty, he replied, "Alas! I have nothing to give." His name was, of course, put down on the list, with the hope that some one would

present him with a sheep or a goat, to enable him to appear as a contributor, like the rest.

On the following day Mr. Hodgson took leave of Nisbett-Bath, with feelings of pleasure at what he had witnessed; mingled, however, with regret that he could not stay. The spirit which had animated him in his earlier days had been revived; and he would gladly have returned to what he looked upon as strictly Missionary work,—preaching Christ to the tribes of the interior. "I leave the Bath," he observes, "fully impressed with its importance as a Mission Station. It presents a valuable field for extending the work successfully, by means of a native agency, which is already in operation; and it is pleasing to see the people so much disposed to receive instruction from pious persons of their own class and tribe. This Station is of importance, too, because of its being connected with Abraham, the Chief of the 'Bundle Zwaarts,' the richest and most powerful of the Namacqua clans; giving access to at least two thousand persons under his immediate authority; preserving peace among the more distant tribes; and exerting a moral influence, even to the borders of the Damara country. I have confidence that Mr. Cook's expectations will be realised in the employment of an extensive native agency, and that the word of God will go forth from 'Jerusalem,' the residence of David Africaaner, to enlighten the whole of Great Namacqualand. Mr. Cook rode with me about an hour, and then we parted."

In less than two years this devoted Missionary, Edward Cook, terminated his career, at the age of thirty-six. His health having failed, he was induced to set out on a journey to Cape-Town; but the fatigue of travelling was more than his wasted energies could bear, and he only reached the banks of the Great River when the summons came which called him to his rest. His beloved wife, and the Assistant-Missionary, Mr. Tindall, were with him; and the latter, seeing that he was near his end, said to him, "Brother Cook, is Christ precious to you?" when, lifting his eyes to heaven, he replied, "I trust I have a good hope through Him." Shortly after this, whilst Mr. Tindall supported his head, he calmly passed away. His remains were taken back to Nisbett-Bath, and there interred.

CHAPTER IX.

Namaqualand and Cape-Town.

Having parted with Mr. Cook, whom he was to meet no more on this side heaven, Mr. Hodgson went on his way, reached the Orange River, and was carried across it in the same manner as before.

On arriving at the village, where he had left some horses in charge, he found that they had been permitted to stray, and that a search for them, of three days, had proved unsuccessful. This was very mortifying, for he was anxious to proceed; but he induced the people to lend him two pack-oxen, on which, the following morning, his saddle-bags were placed, and, with the horses he had brought from Nisbett-Bath, he journeyed on. In three days he reached Lily-Fountain, where he was glad enough of the opportunity of taking rest.

Here scenes of a similar nature to those which took place at Nisbett-Bath occurred, which will be best described in Mr. Hodgson's own language:—

"April 11th.—The usual prayer-meeting was held in the morning; and, at ten o'clock, I addressed an interesting and attentive congregation. Mr. Jackson preached in the afternoon to three hundred persons, who heard with

that becoming reverence which might be expected from a people who have long enjoyed, and greatly valued, the Gospel of Christ. The evening was occupied by prayer-meetings in different parts of the village, in the Namacqua language, conducted by the native Leaders.

"April 12th.—This being the day for holding the Missionary Meeting, a prayer-meeting was held a little after sunrise, and at ten o'clock I preached to as many as could attend. In the afternoon, the bell announced the hour for assembling in the chapel, and the Meeting was opened by Mr. Jackson with singing and prayer. He then introduced the subject to the attention of the audience in a suitable address; and I followed with some general observations on the duty of sending the Gospel to the Heathen, &c., &c., and then alluded to the astonishing liberality of the Bundle Zwaarts, and the marked interest shown by the people of Nisbett-Bath, in reference to Missions. Five of the natives then spoke, in succession, in a manner calculated to call forth the best feelings of the Christian's heart. The Meeting was truly a means of grace. A gracious Divine influence rested upon us; and, from the spirit of the people, and the interest they appeared to take in the proceedings, I am satisfied that their liberal contributions were given from a proper principle of love to God. At the close of the Meeting, Mr. Jackson received the voluntary contributions of the people for the year. The following is the result:—

	£.	s.	d.
In cash	12	6	2
Ten goats, and five sheep, value	1	10	0
A draught ox . . . . ,,	1	10	0
Two bulls . . . . . ,,	1	10	0
One heifer . . . . ,,	0	12	0
Corn . . . . . ,,	0	4	6
Total	£17	12	8

"During the announcement of the subscriptions, I was much gratified with about twenty children, some of whose parents were very poor, bringing their pennies and halfpennies, to have their names enrolled on the list; and the cheerfulness which was depicted on their swarthy countenances, conveyed to my mind the impression that they felt themselves honoured in being permitted to cast their mite into the treasury of the Lord."

Such services as these may, to some minds, appear comparatively trifling; but on the hearts of a people just emerging out of Heathenism, they exert a powerful influence. They have been introduced on all our Mission-stations in South Africa, and it has been found that their tendency is to enkindle in the breast a class of emotions of the noblest kind; emotions to which the Kaffir, the Bechuana, and the Namacqua were previously strangers. Human nature is essentially the same throughout the world. One of its worst propensities is selfishness. The Christian Missionary should labour, therefore, to inculcate liberality; and,

even when the people are poor, to encourage them to do something towards alleviating the necessities of their fellow-men. If he succeeds in doing this, he accomplishes a great triumph, for he breaks in upon one of the strongest fortresses of Heathenism, a characteristic of which, everywhere, is, to be indifferent to the wants of the ignorant and distressed. Let converts to Christianity in the Mission-field be taught to contribute of their substance, be it in money, corn, or cattle, towards the diffusion of the truth, and they will the more highly value the blessings they have realised, whilst they will also learn to look upon the tribes around them with an eye of tenderness and compassion.

The attention of Mr. Hodgson, whilst at Lily-Fountain, was directed to certain questions which related to the rights of the Namacquas against the claims of the farmers residing in the neighbourhood. The old spirit which induced the early Dutch settlers to encroach upon the property of the native tribes is, alas! not yet extinct; and the Christian Missionary has, not unfrequently, to lift up his voice against the acts of injustice which are often perpetrated. Sometimes he is successful; but, at other times, the poor native, being the weaker party, must go to the wall. It is greatly to be feared, that if the Government of this country abandon the Orange-River sovereignty, many of the Bechuana tribes will suffer not a little from the oppression of Boers

inhabiting that country. May Heaven avert so terrible a calamity!

On bidding farewell to Lily-Fountain, Mr. Hodgson makes the following remarks:—

"April 15th.—Left Lily-Fountain this morning, and parted with my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, with feelings of increased attachment, and much impressed in their favour as to their suitability for the work to which they are called. I visited this Station in the month of April, 1824, just seventeen years ago, during which interval it has been a great blessing to the many hundred persons connected with it as a Missionary institution. An improvement in their worldly circumstances, together with the fact that many have died happy in God, and that many more are walking in the light of His salvation, present sufficient proofs to satisfy those who have been stationed here, and the Christian public, that they have not laboured in vain. I was struck with the civil and respectful behaviour of the people generally; their reverent deportment in the house of God, and their apparently contented and grateful spirit; and I leave the Station, satisfied that it deserves to be viewed as one of our most useful and successful institutions. Seven hundred persons are under the care of the Missionaries. The new Mission-house is a most comfortable residence; the church, spacious and well-built; and the out-buildings, such as stable, waggon-house, &c., &c., do credit to the industry of those who erected them."

A journey of three days brought Mr. Hodgson to "Ebenezer," (the Rhenish Mission Institution before-mentioned,) where he preached to thirty-five persons. The next day he reached the residence of his kind friends, the Van Zyls, where he lodged for a night, and the day following bade them adieu, with much regret. On the journey, he fell in with a young farmer, "a plain, ignorant, self-conceited man," who, among other questions, asked him the meaning of Gog and Magog, mentioned in the Revelation of St. John; and, not being satisfied with the answer, offered an opinion of his own, which was, that he thought it referred to a black uninstructed heathen child being angry at another child, and crying out, "Gog," whilst the other rebuts the insult by replying, "Magog," the word being pronounced with a deep-toned Dutch guttural! The reader will be disposed to smile at this novel and absurd interpretation; but it is a specimen of the mode in which some of the Dutch Boers explain the Scriptures. Having lived for several generations beyond the pale of civilised life, and, in many instances, far from the reach of a Christian ministry, they have sunk into a state of barbarism, similar, in many respects, to that of the native tribes around them.

Mr. Hodgson's guide being taken ill, he was obliged to send him back to Mr. Van Zyl, and to proceed on the journey home, a distance of a hundred and fifty miles.

"April 22d.—Rode to Mr. Jan Basson's, a friendly, open-hearted farmer, whose kindness I remembered to have experienced seventeen years ago. Mrs. Basson was dead, and he himself had been seriously ill. I saw him much altered in appearance, having retained a distinct impression of his person and disposition. Passed a farm-house, where a person, apparently the mistress, was standing at the door. I inquired of her if I was taking the right road to Cape-Town; to which question she made no reply, but rudely asked, 'Who are you?' I repeated the inquiry, and she hastily answered, 'Yes;' but added, most rudely, 'Who are *you?*' The inquisitiveness of the people of this country as to name, occupation, age, and family, is exceedingly annoying. In the evening I reached the house of a farmer, son-in-law to Mr. Marrais, upon whom I called on the 4th ultimo, and by whom I was received with the greatest kindness. Mrs. Basson was brought up by her pious grandmother, whose instructions she now felt the benefit of, and highly valued, not only retaining in her mind the religious truth she had been taught, but also the interest she had felt in Divine things. She read a chapter in Dutch; and, after the family had sung a hymn in the usual manner, invited me to pray. I was much pleased both with her conduct and conversation, and consider her a woman fearing God, and working righteousness.

"April 23d.—Rose between four and five;

and, having engaged in prayer with this kind and God-fearing family, I set forward home. About seven o'clock, passed Mr. Theron's, where I had been treated with so much kindness on the 4th. Called upon Mr. M. Smith, and obtained forage for my horses; and, about six o'clock in the evening, passed through Malmesbury, a village of considerable importance, and rapidly increasing in size. Here a Missionary ought at once to be placed by our Society. Wishing to reach home as early as possible to-morrow, I ventured to travel by starlight, on a road with which I was but imperfectly acquainted. While the atmosphere remained clear, I could discern Table-Mountain, and felt satisfied that I was right; but about ten o'clock I became doubtful, and, coming to a deserted farm-house, I dismounted, and held the bridles of the horses in my hands till break of day, when I was glad to discover that I was not far from Mr. Tennison's, by whom I had been entertained a few weeks before.

"April 24th.—After an excellent breakfast, I set forward, and reached my family, whom I found in good health, at six o'clock, after an absence of fifty-four days. During this time I have ridden on horseback above eleven hundred miles, travelled a hundred and fifty miles in a waggon, and slept on the ground twenty-two nights. The journey has been one of fatigue and suffering; but I have experienced great mercies, and seen so distinctly the hand of a gracious Providence, as to possess increas-

ing confidence that wherever the Lord calls He will make plain our path, and will deliver, while we stand still to see His salvation."

Thus terminated a "visitation tour," truly worthy of such a designation, and one which would doubtless contribute, in many ways, to promote the interests of the Mission in Namacqualand, and the spiritual welfare of thousands of its inhabitants. The labour spent, the toil endured, and the seed scattered, on such a journey as this, would not be thrown away. The fruit might not immediately appear, but "after many days" it would spring up, and ripen, to the glory and the praise of God. A Christian Missionary must "sow beside all waters;" nor must he be in haste to gather in the harvest. And, indeed, as one has truly said, "in proportion as zeal is purified from the alloy of self, it carries on the work of God, in the consciousness that neither is he that planteth anything, nor he that watereth anything, but God that giveth the increase; and it will leave it to Him when and where to give that increase."

Khamies-Berg, or Lily-Fountain, and Nisbett-Bath are still in a flourishing condition. Of the former the resident Missionary but recently observed,—"I have been greatly encouraged by the general progress of the work of God. We have been permitted to witness the conversion of a few sinners, and two old backsliders have been brought again into the fold of the Redeemer. To His name be all the

glory!" "The day-school has given me much pleasure. During the summer season the number of children on the books was one hundred and sixty-six, and the average attendance about one hundred and fifty. In the winter the people are scattered; but, nevertheless, seventy children have attended, whose improvement in learning, and in their moral conduct, is very pleasing. The religious instruction given in the school has been a blessing to several. Two hundred persons, children and adults, also attend the Sabbath-school, and their improvement is generally satisfactory."

But of the latter it is stated that it has again suffered from drought, in consequence of which the people have been scattered over a wide tract of country in search of pasture; many have suffered great spiritual injury, and some have altogether forsaken the right way. The abundant rains, which have more recently fallen, have, however, led them to return in great numbers to the Station; and indications of a better state of feeling are not wanting. The schools have not suffered to the same extent with the Society; for some of the children remained on the Station, to enjoy its privileges, when they had neither bread, milk, nor flesh,—literally nothing to subsist on, but gum and roots.

Allusion was made in the preceding chapter to a contemplated Mission among a people called the Damaras. These people occupy the

territory on the western coast, between Great Namacqualand and Benzuela. They consist of two distinct tribes,—the Hill Damaras, who speak the Namacqua language, and are therefore supposed to be of the same race and stock; and the Plain or Cattle Damaras, whose dialect belongs to the Kaffir and Bechuana family of languages, and who are, no doubt, ethnologically allied to those nations. Mr. Hodgson felt a lively interest in the project of a Mission to these tribes; and, after his visit to Namacqualand, Mr. Cook, who had previously been among the Damaras, and had succeeded in establishing friendly relationships between them and the Namacquas, visited them again, and, had his health permitted, would have remained, and would have endeavoured to commence a Station. For such a task, however, he felt himself physically incompetent; but he found that the Chief, Ameral, was exceedingly anxious that a Missionary should be sent to him, and the Rev. R. Haddy, after labouring in South Africa for twenty years, offered to undertake this very arduous enterprise. He went; and the Gospel was thus introduced into a country *within the tropics:* but, though a noble-minded lady presented to the Society the sum of £700 towards the expenses of this Mission, it was found, in the course of a few years, that the cost of maintaining it was greater than the Society had funds to meet, and it has consequently been suspended, though, we trust, only for a few years. But

even though this Mission should not be resumed, it must not be supposed that the labour bestowed upon it was thrown away. We hold that even a temporary Mission to such a people is of immense advantage. Seed is scattered which can never perish. Thoughts are awakened which can never die. Impressions are made which will never be erased. The Damaras now know what the Gospel is. They have heard of Christ. They have beheld the blood-stained banner of the Cross. And who can tell, but that from among themselves evangelists may arise, to proclaim and spread the truth? It may be observed, too, that the Rhenish Missionary Society is extending its operations among the Damaras; and hence the field is still partly under Christian cultivation, and will yet, in due season, bring forth fruit. But how true it is with reference to Africa, as well as to many other portions of the world, that "the harvest is plenteous, but the labourers are few!" O! when will the Christian church have the means of sending forth an adequate supply of men to put in the sickle, and gather in the waving corn? Pray, dear reader, that the Lord of the harvest may *thrust* forth labourers into His harvest.

The death of Mr. Cook, together with the failure of the health of other Missionaries in the District, rendered the position of the General Superintendent exceedingly difficult; and, being for awhile almost left alone in Cape-Town, his labours were considerably in-

creased: so that, had not help speedily arrived, he would probably have sunk under the burden he was called to bear. The return to Africa, in 1843, of the Rev. Barnabas Shaw, bringing with him two other brethren, was the means of relieving Mr. Hodgson's mind; and to that venerable man he would gladly have resigned the General Superintendency, had he been willing to accept the office. Writing home to the Committee on his arrival at the Cape, Mr. Shaw bore testimony to Mr. Hodgson's efforts to supply the lack of service on the part of his sick and dying brethren; and observed, "Mr. Hodgson has almost killed himself with hard labour. I wonder he has held out so long."

Among other projects which had occupied his attention, was that of the erection of a chapel at Rondebosch, a village between Cape-Town and Wynberg. An eligible piece of ground having been purchased, the chapel was at length built; and was opened, at Mr. Hodgson's request, by the Rev. B. Shaw. Several Ministers of other denominations also preached in connexion with the dedicatory services; and highly gratifying was it to witness the interest excited in the neighbourhood, both among the Dutch and the English. The chapel, which is an exceedingly neat little building, stands at the foot of Table-Mountain, beautifully embowered with trees; and on either side of it stands a neat dwelling-house, one of which is the residence of the Minister.

Mr. Shaw, in alluding to the event, observes:—

"At the invitation of Mr. Hodgson, I was at Rondebosch, to be present at the opening of the new chapel. I could not but refer to the time when, more than twenty-nine years ago, I preached in Cape-Town, in a chaff-house, or forage-loft, above the horses, by the heels of which we had to pass, to reach a ladder which led to this sanctuary. * * Our commencement at Rondebosch was in and near the prison: now Mr. Hodgson has succeeded in raising a suitable chapel, where both whites and people of colour blend together to worship Him who is Lord of all."

Though Mr. Hodgson was never ashamed of his principles as a Wesleyan Methodist, he possessed an eminently catholic spirit, and was ever ready to unite with Ministers and members of other churches in promoting the extension of the kingdom of Christ. His own pulpits were often filled, on special occasions, by the Pastors of the Dutch and other churches in Cape-Town; and a proposal being made to form amongst the Ministers of the town a kind of "Evangelical Alliance," he readily entered into the plan. To promote this object, it was agreed among the Ministers who accorded with it, that they would breakfast together once a month at each other's houses, in rotation, spending an hour previously in prayer and supplication for the Divine blessing on their various labours. The writer was present at

one of these social meetings, held, on that occasion, at the house of Mr. Hodgson; and the hallowed feeling that seemed to pervade the minds of all the Ministers who were there, both whilst prayer was offered up, and in the conversation that afterwards ensued, was most refreshing. It was, indeed,

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

To another of these occasions the Rev. B. Ridsdale thus refers, when writing to the Committee, in March, 1849:—"Towards the end of last month, the Rev. J. Freeman, one of the Secretaries of the London Missionary Society, arrived in the 'Lady Flora.' At our next Ministers' breakfast-meeting, which was held at Mr. Hodgson's house, he, together with nine other Ministers of various denominations, attended; and, on the following Sunday, kindly preached, in our Burg-street chapel, from Rev. xxii. 17." Happy will it be for the churches of Great Britain when their Pastors can *heartily* unite in promoting one another's spiritual weal. A new era will then dawn upon the land, and the churches themselves begin to lose sight of their petty differences, and to combine their efforts against the common foe.

Family circumstances in England rendered it very desirable that Mr. Hodgson should visit, about the year 1847, his native land; and he obtained the full consent of the Com-

mittee to do so. But attachment to the work in which he was engaged, and the superior claims of the Mission in Cape-Town, led him to defer his visit until some more convenient opportunity should present itself. "I leave the subject," he observes, in one of his letters to the General Secretaries, "satisfied that my way is not quite plain to return at present. Should I (at length) do so, it will be duty, and not inclination, that leads me to such a step; as, at my age, I have no time to spare from the work to which the Lord has called me, for the mere gratification of seeing friends and country."

Such sentiments as these were worthy of him. He was a Missionary to the close of his career. In comparison with his task as an ambassador of Jesus Christ, all other things were but as dross and dung. His great object was to finish the work which his Lord had given him to do.

And his self-denying labours continued to be crowned with considerable success. In the year 1849, a remarkable revival broke out in Cape-Town, many being awakened to a sense of sin, and a considerable number of young persons, especially, brought into the enjoyment of Christian liberty. A detailed account of this revival, from the pen of the Rev. B. Ridsdale, will be found in the "Missionary Notices," for October, 1849, from which I make the following extract:—

"It is scarcely necessary to remark, that our

esteemed Chairman and Superintendent, Mr. Hodgson, has been cheered unspeakably by 'the times of refreshing' which I have briefly described. He has himself witnessed many a delightful scene during their continuance; and nothing could have given him greater satisfaction and joy than to see the work of the Lord thus prospering in a town in which he has spent so many years of ministerial toil, and in which he has sowed so much of the seed of life."

Yes; he was indeed cheered, as every faithful Minister, on witnessing the springing up of the seed he has scattered, must be; and writing himself to the Committee, in August, 1849, he observes: "It will afford you pleasure to learn that perfect peace and harmony continue most delightfully to prevail, in every branch of our work in this Circuit. At our last Quarterly Meeting we realised a small but satisfactory increase in the financial department; and we have now, in town, three hundred and three persons meeting in class, being an increase of eighty upon the corresponding quarter (June) of last year."

It was not for nothing, then, that Mr. Hodgson waived his intended visit to England. Seldom does the Christian forego any personal gratification for the sake of Christ and of His church, without reaping a reward. From some other source enjoyment springs; and what he loses in one way, is more than made up to him in another.

CHAPTER X.

Illness and Death.

Affliction tries the Christian's character even more severely than do the most arduous duties of active life. Yet, when sanctified, it is of inestimable value. It refines and purifies the affections of the soul, and leads it to aspire more ardently after God and heaven. "In sickness," says Bishop Jeremy Taylor, "the soul begins to dress herself for immortality. By the help of sickness she knocks off the fetters of pride and vainer complacencies. Then she draws the curtain, and stops the light from coming in, and takes the pictures down, those fantastic images of self-love, and gay remembrances of vain opinion and popular noises. Then the spirit stoops with the sobrieties of humble thoughts, and feels corruption chiding the forwardness of the fancy, and allaying the vapours of conceit and factious opinions. For humility is the soul's grave, into which she enters, not to die, but to meditate and inter some of her troublesome appendages."*

We have followed the subject of this memoir

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* "Holy Dying."

through various scenes of toil and peril,—in the wilderness, among heathen tribes, and in the midst of refined and civilised society; but we have now to follow him into the chamber of affliction, to watch him when laid aside from labour, to mark how he enters "the swellings of Jordan," and finally to witness his triumph over death. It is of "the inner life" of the Christian, more especially, that this chapter treats, and of that inner life during the most important of all seasons, when the "outward man" was failing, and about to "perish."

Disease began to prey upon Mr. Hodgson's frame as early as the year 1844. He was proceeding, on one occasion, to his appointment at Simon's-Town, and, as he was crossing the sands at a late hour of the night, he took a severe cold, so that on the Sabbath he was scarcely able to get through the service. During the night he became much worse; but his kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ronquest, at whose house he lodged, paid him every attention, obtained medical advice, and sent for Mrs. Hodgson, with whom he was able, in a few days, to return to Cape-Town. Mr. and Mrs. Ronquest were for many years devoted friends of the Wesleyan Ministers; but they both joined "the spirits of just men made perfect" some time before the subject of this memoir.

In the year 1847, Mr. Hodgson had another serious attack of sickness, when James M.

Maynard, Esq., kindly offered him the use of one of his houses at Wynberg, hoping thus to contribute to his restoration. For this kind offer, the sufferer was truly grateful, though, as he found the sea-breezes of Cape-Town beneficial, he declined it. He had contemplated a second visit to Namaequaland; but this, he now found, it would be impossible for him to undertake.

From this attack he partially recovered; but early in 1850 the symptoms re-appeared, and in a much more alarming form. Writing to the Committee, April 19th, he observes:—"Your letter of December 20th reached me on the 24th ult., and found me seriously ill from inflammation, and doubtful as to my recovery. Remedial means were blessed of God to my present convalescence. I was never so reduced before in South Africa. Even to write is difficult, and preaching is quite out of the question. At present I wish to declare our united attachment to our beloved cause, and confidence in those who preside over us in the Mission-field; our condolence with the Committee, and high esteem for our beloved Secretaries. We all wish Methodism to be *as it is*, and *ever has been*, subject to improvements consistent with the grand principles on which it is based; and most strongly reprobate the agitation produced by the triumvirate."

This impressive testimony in favour of Wesleyan Methodism, and against the proceedings of a party who have made themselves suffi-

ciently notorious, is borne in one of the last letters that Mr. Hodgson wrote to the Committee. He saw in those proceedings, as every unprejudiced mind must see in them, nothing but evil, and he did not hesitate to express his views.

For some time, hopes were entertained that he would again recover; but a wise Providence had determined otherwise. In defiance of the skill of his medical attendant, Dr. Abercrombie, whose efforts on his behalf were most assiduous and untiring, the disease gained ground. Up to this period he had continued to preach; but he was now forbidden to do so any more. One of his last pulpit-efforts was at Wesley chapel, Burg-street, when he took for his text, "Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh:" and "never," says Miss Hodgson, "will his friends forget the deep feeling he then evinced, and with what earnestness he exhorted all classes of persons to be prepared for death." The following morning, a young man called, and told him that he had been deeply impressed under the sermon, and had resolved to save his soul. His last sermon was in Dutch, at Sydney-street chapel; but he was then so feeble, and suffered so much pain, that it was with great difficulty he could walk home, though the distance was but short.

It was with great reluctance that he gave up the hallowed work in which he took so much delight; and, even after he was unable

to preach, he was still anxious to be employed, in some way, in his Master's cause; and, for several weeks, he met a class in his own house, consisting of coloured persons who were candidates for baptism, all of whom were admitted into the church by that solemn rite, before he died.

As his affliction increased, he became persuaded that it would terminate in death. And now the enemy of his soul harassed him severely, and he was strongly tempted to believe that his religion had been mere hypocrisy. But the foe was baffled, and he would often say, "I know that I am Christ's! I know that I am Christ's! but I want to love Him more." He was visited on one occasion by the Rev. R. Griffiths, from India, who afterwards remarked, "How delightful it is to see Mr. Hodgson in such a peaceful, happy frame! He seems so fully to acquiesce in the dispensations of Providence." And one morning, his daughter, having entered his room, found him propped up with pillows, with his Bible on his knee, which he was perusing alone, tears of joy rolling down his cheeks, and his soul almost overwhelmed with a sense of the goodness of Almighty God.

About the middle of May, his colleague, Mr. Ridsdale, kindly drove him out in a gig: and one day he was able to walk as far as Sydney-street, where he rested for a while at the house of one of the members; and, on several persons coming in to see him, he

engaged in prayer. On returning home, he passed the chapel,—that chapel which had been raised by his own exertions, and in which he had experienced so many precious seasons; and, the door being open, he could not resist the desire of going in, and once more ascending the pulpit. On reaching home, he told his family that he thought, if he could not *stand* and preach, he might have a seat placed in the pulpit, and still be allowed, whilst sitting, to engage in his much-loved work. But this, of course, was impracticable, as it was manifest to every one that the disease was still making rapid progress. On the 31st of May he submitted to undergo a painful operation, which his medical attendant hoped would afford him some relief. Under the suffering it occasioned he was resigned and patient; and, on its being remarked to him afterwards by one of his brethren, "At such times we feel the need and the comfort of Divine grace," he replied, "Yes, both its need and its comfort;" and he then observed that he had for some time past held the world with a very loose grasp.

On the 1st of June he was considerably worse, and said to his daughter, "O, Isabella! it requires some fortitude to look death fully in the face." And on the recurrence of a violent attack of pain, he said he could roll on the floor from agony; but added, "I am afraid I murmur. I do not wish to murmur." On the following day, which was the Sabbath, he was somewhat relieved, and had such a precious

manifestation of his Saviour's presence and love, that he said to a friend afterwards, "I felt He was in my chamber, and so sweetly and sensibly near, that I could have sprung forward to embrace Him." The same day he sent a message to Mr. Ridsdale, who was preaching at Wesley chapel, desiring him to ask the prayers of the congregation on his behalf. It was probably in answer to their prayers that he was so remarkably comforted and blessed.

June 3d.—Mr. Ridsdale visited him, and was struck with his unusually altered appearance. But he entered into conversation, and spoke of the child-like spirit with which the late Dr. Adam Clarke was wont, in his public prayer, to approach the throne of God. "It was," said he, "just like a child approaching its father."

June 5th.—In the night he was very restless; but to an excellent coloured woman, a member of the Society, who was waiting on him, he said, after a paroxysm of pain, "All is well! all is right that the Lord does! I hope I do not murmur or repine." The following night was also one of suffering; but he said to Mrs. Hodgson, "I hope I am willing to suffer. Pain itself is not sweet, but as the grace of God enables us to bear it. It is that which enables us to submit to and acquiesce in the will of God."

On Sunday, June the 16th, he was able to converse but little, yet what he did say was

expressive of his firm confidence in Christ. Towards evening, his mind was in a very calm and happy frame, and Mrs. Hodgson read to him a portion of the Rev. R. W. Hamilton's work on the "Revealed Doctrine of Rewards and Punishments." When the subject bore on the eternal joys of the saints in the immediate presence of Christ, his countenance beamed with delight, and he seemed to be inspired with a still more glorious hope that, unworthy as he viewed himself, he should see his Saviour's face. On the following day Mrs. Hodgson said to him, "My dear Laidman, if the Lord take you, what shall I and Isabella do?" He replied, "God will take care of you both: you need not fear. How good the Lord has been to me! I was left to contend with difficulties, yet you see He has never left me; and He will not leave me."

"Go on," said he, a few days later, to his colleague, Mr. Godman, "preaching God's truth. If ever I should preach again, I would be plainer than I have ever been. Don't soften any of the truths of God. By being plain, you may offend some; but go on, and God will bless you." And to Mrs. Godman, who visited him on another occasion: "My earthly tabernacle is being taken down; pin after pin is loosening." But, he remarked, in answer to the observation, "You have a building of God, a house not made with hands," "O yes, I have no doubt on that subject, though it is a solemn thing to die." He then referred to the early part of his life, and said,

"How often have I hurried over my dinner that I might secure a little time, in the middle of the day, for prayer; then hastened to my room, when, after spending, perhaps, a quarter of an hour on my knees, my soul has been so filled with the love of God that I have bounded down-stairs like a hart, and off to business! I have often left my house on a very inconvenient evening in the week to go to chapel; and I cannot understand how it is that so many now allow trifles to keep them from the house of God on a week-night."

Impressive observations these. Here was the secret of Mr. Hodgson's piety. It was nourished by habits of prayer formed in early life. Hence it was not a sickly plant, that could not bear the storms of adversity and temptation. Rather, was it like the sturdy oak, the roots of which have firm hold upon the soil, and which, therefore, bids defiance to the fiercest blast.

Mr. Hodgson continued in a most exalted frame of mind for several days, exhorting and encouraging all who visited him, and expressing his unshaken confidence in the goodness of Almighty God. One day Mrs. Ridsdale and Mrs. Godman called to see him; and of this visit Mrs. Godman says, "We found our venerated father evidently near his end; but his soul was tranquil and happy, fully resting on the promises of God." He said that he had always desired to be saved from sudden death; "For," he observed, "I like to do the thing deliberately,

and to know the ground on which I am building." To another friend he said, "I want to go to Jesus; but I want some to go with me. I have a hope. Praise Him; praise Him! Blessed Jesus!" Mrs. Hodgson repeated the line,—

"Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope;"

when he added, with considerable energy,—

"It lifts the fainting spirit up,"

and then exclaimed, "My Jesus is there: let Him come. He does sustain me! There is Jesus!"

During the night of June 19th, his sufferings were extreme. About half-past one he slept a little, but soon awoke. His colleague, the Rev. B. Ridsdale, Mrs. Hodgson, and his daughter, being present, he said, "O, how I long for the salvation of those who are not saved! There is room in heaven for all." Then, breaking out in earnest prayer, he said, "I want the fulness. I scarcely dare ask. A promise here, a promise there: when they all come together, they are too great for me. O, the height and depth of the love of God, which passeth knowledge!" To Mrs. Hodgson he said, "I will praise Him; but I cannot praise Him enough. Precious Jesus! He will be precious to you and to Isabella." And again he broke out in prayer, "Lord, save, save souls!"

"The death of the saints," says Hooker, "is precious in God's sight. And shall it seem superfluous at such times as these are, to

hear in what manner they have ended their lives? The Lord Himself hath not disdained so exactly to register in the book of life in what sort His servants have closed their days on earth, that He descendeth to their very meanest action; what meat they have longed for in their sickness; what they have spoken unto their children, kinsfolks, and friends; where they have willed their dead carcasses to be laid; how they have framed their wills and testaments." We linger, then, in the chamber of our suffering friend, that we may see how mercifully God dealt with him in the final conflict.

But now we approach the closing scene. Early in the morning of Friday, June 21st, which was the day of his departure, he said, "I have had such a glorious view of Mount Zion, the Jerusalem above! But O, how pure! how holy! It would almost make one tremble to enter. But all our unfaithfulness, all our shortcomings may be forgiven, they *are* forgiven, through the blood of Jesus. I see the pearly gates: they are open for me, unworthy me; and I shall enter in." Sir Harry Smith was reviewing the troops on the Parade, and Mr. Hodgson was somewhat disturbed by the noise of the musketry; but after it had ceased, he remained for some time tranquil. Mr. Ridsdale remarking, "What a blessed part of our Saviour's intercessory prayer is that, 'Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory!'" his face brightened, and

he replied with animation, "Yes, I have been meditating on that all night and all yesterday," quoting at the same time the words, "In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to *prepare* a place for you." At this moment the Rev. E. Edwards and his two daughters entered the room; and Mr. Hodgson, sitting upright in bed, remarked, "Well, brother Edwards, you see I live yet, and I am happy yet;" and then he addressed the daughters, urging on them the choice of true religion, and quoting Prior's well-known lines:—

> "Sweet peace she brings wherever she arrives,
> She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives;
> Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
> And opens in each breast a little heaven."

"The whole scene," it is observed by one who was present, "was truly beautiful and impressive."

A few hours later, Mr. Ridsdale, who had left him, was re-called, and at once perceived that he was rapidly approaching the eternal world. His mind wandered for a moment or two, but soon resumed its wonted frame; and, as his friends stood around his bed, he exclaimed with rapture, "Victory! victory! victory! victory! through the blood of the Lamb! the blood of the Lamb! the blood of the Lamb!" And soon after, "He is mine—mine—mine—for ever, for ever, for ever." In reply to a kind friend, who asked if he could give up Mrs. Hodgson and Isabella, he said,

"I *have* given all up. I *do* give all up. Let me be gone: I long to be gone." After a few moments' silence, he exclaimed, with a weak but clear voice, "Victory! victory! victory! victory! victory!" Mr. Ridsdale engaged in prayer, and was asking for a mitigation of his sufferings, when he stopped him, and said, "Brother Ridsdale, don't put anything into my mind, or out of it. I have no will: I only wish to be and to suffer just what God would have me." This remark was probably made in reference to a passage which had been read to him during an earlier part of the day,—"And they gave Him to drink wine mingled with myrrh, but He received it not." Allusion had been made, at the time of reading, to the custom of administering a stupefying potion to those about to suffer; and Mr. Hodgson's refusal to allow his friends to pray for the mitigation of his sufferings, probably arose from a desire to imitate his Saviour in this respect also, and to endure all that God might please to inflict. His resignation to the Divine will seemed perfect. He was meek and passive as a lamb. But what he would not ask for, was bestowed. The violent pain left him, and did not return. After a silence of a few minutes, he began to repeat the names of some of his deceased relatives; and then, as if the intercourse with the spiritual world had already opened, he exclaimed, somewhat indistinctly, "*Hosts, hosts, hosts!*" These were his last words. He afterwards lay for some time in silence, his eyes directed

upwards; when at length, as many of his friends stood watching him, the summons came,—his eyes closed, he ceased to breathe, without one struggle the spirit fled, and left its tenement of clay, a temporary prey to death, until, when the archangel's trumpet shall sound, "death" shall be "swallowed up in victory."

Thus lived and thus died Thomas Laidman Hodgson. He honoured God by the consecration of his life to the great and glorious enterprise of Missions; and God honoured him, by giving him to see considerable fruit of his labour, and by granting him a peaceful and triumphant end. To speak of such a man's failings, is not our province; and though he had them, yet they were counterbalanced by so many excellencies, that they may well be buried in oblivion. He himself was conscious of them, and often mourned on their account; but he was "washed, he was sanctified, he was justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of his God." He was indebted, as he himself was ever ready to acknowledge, for all he had to grace. He made choice of religion in very early life; and, though not possessed of either extraordinary talents or extensive learning, he became one of the most eminent and successful of modern Missionaries.

On the Sabbath after his death his remains were interred in the English burial-ground, Cape-Town. A vast concourse of spectators, composed of persons from Simon's-Town, Wyn-

berg, Diep-River, and Rondebosch, together with large numbers of the most respectable inhabitants of Cape-Town, was gathered together on the occasion; so that by the time the procession had reached the burial-ground, it was computed that there were present *not less than six thousand people.* Such a funeral had seldom, or never, been witnessed in Cape-Town. Persons of all ranks were there,—Dutch and English, white and coloured. Six or seven Ministers of other denominations, besides five of his own, followed in the train; and thus an almost universal desire was manifested to pay respect to Mr. Hodgson's memory. He had lived down prejudice; he had turned enemies into friends; and now nearly the whole town acknowledged that it had lost one of its best and noblest citizens. The man who, a few years before, had been hooted in the streets, and exposed to the violence of a senseless mob, was now committed to the grave amidst the tears of thousands.

The funeral-service was read by the Rev. Messrs. Shaw and Edwards; and sermons were subsequently preached in all the chapels of Cape-Town and the neighbourhood. A neat tablet to his memory, bearing an appropriate inscription, was put up in Burg-street chapel by the members of the church and congregation.

Mr. Hodgson was in the sixty-third year of his age, and the thirty-fifth of his ministry. By far the greater part of that ministry was spent, as the preceding narrative shows, in Southern Africa; and the fruits of it were both

rich and ample. He lived to see Christian churches planted in many portions of that country, which, when he entered on his labours, were wholly destitute of religious culture; and he had the satisfaction of knowing that, as the result of his own and of his brethren's efforts, accompanied as they had been with the blessing of Almighty God, the moral aspect of South Africa had undergone, in thirty years, a most decided change. The long dark night which had settled on the land had been succeeded by the morning's dawn; and the territories of Heathenism, from the Damara country to Port-Natal, had been trodden by the feet of the messengers of peace.

The gradual progress of the Wesleyan Missions in South Africa, is exhibited in the following statement:—In the year 1829, the number of Stations in the Cape, Albany, and Bechuana Districts was 12; of Missionaries, 13; and of members, 434. In 1839, the number of Stations was 22; of Missionaries, 23; and of church-members, 1,551. And in 1849, the number of Stations was 42; of Missionaries, 38; and of church-members, 4,233. Thus in the first ten years the number of Stations and of Missionaries was nearly doubled, and that of members nearly trebled; whilst in the second ten years the number of members was more than doubled, and the number of Missionaries and Stations nearly so. In the Cape District alone there were more members in church-fellowship with us, at the time of Mr. Hodgson's death, than, in 1829, we num-

bered in the whole of Southern Africa; and during the fifteen years in which he had charge of the Missions in that District, the number of members increased sixfold.

And then, within the last thirty years, considerable portions of the sacred Scriptures have been translated into the Bechuana and Kaffir languages, printed and circulated to a very large extent. In the Dutch language, too, hymn-books, tracts, and sermons, including several of Mr. Wesley's, have been prepared and published; and thus, among all the native tribes of Southern Africa, the means now exist of becoming, to some extent, at least, acquainted with the truths of Christianity. What encouragement do these facts present to the Christian Missionary who is entering on some comparatively new and untried field of toil! Let him contemplate them; and let him go forth upon his errand with the firm conviction that, though he may labour for some years before any fruit appears,—nay, may even fall ere a single blade springs up,—yet, nevertheless, his efforts shall not be unavailing, but he shall ultimately reap, if he faint not.

The first Missionary Meeting held in Cape-Town after Mr. Hodgson's death was a memorable one. Dr. Abercrombie, who had been his medical attendant, occupied the chair; and, alluding to his departure, struck a chord which vibrated on the hearts of all present. The Hon. R. Godlonton, and a Missionary of the London Society, followed, and spoke in the

most affectionate terms of the deceased. All mourned the loss of so excellent a man, yet all rejoiced in his triumphant end.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." (Rev. xiv. 13.) Yes, "from henceforth," that is, *even now, from this present time.* For what is death? the sleep of the soul? It cannot be. The saints who are "absent from the body" are "present with the Lord." They all live unto God. They have entered into immediate rest. The doctrine of a long night, during which the spirit is unconscious, is a cheerless one indeed; but derives no countenance either from philosophy or Scripture.

"I live, move, am conscious: what shall bar my being?
Where is the rude hand, to rend this tissue of existence?
Not thine, shadowy Death! what art thou but a phantom?
Not thine, foul Corruption! what art thou but a fear?
For death is merely absent life, as darkness absent light;
Not even a suspension, for the life hath sailed away, steering gladly somewhere."

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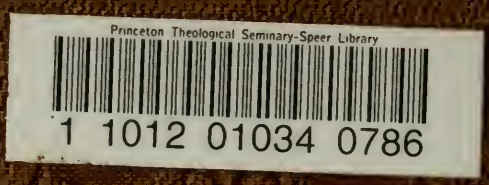
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